

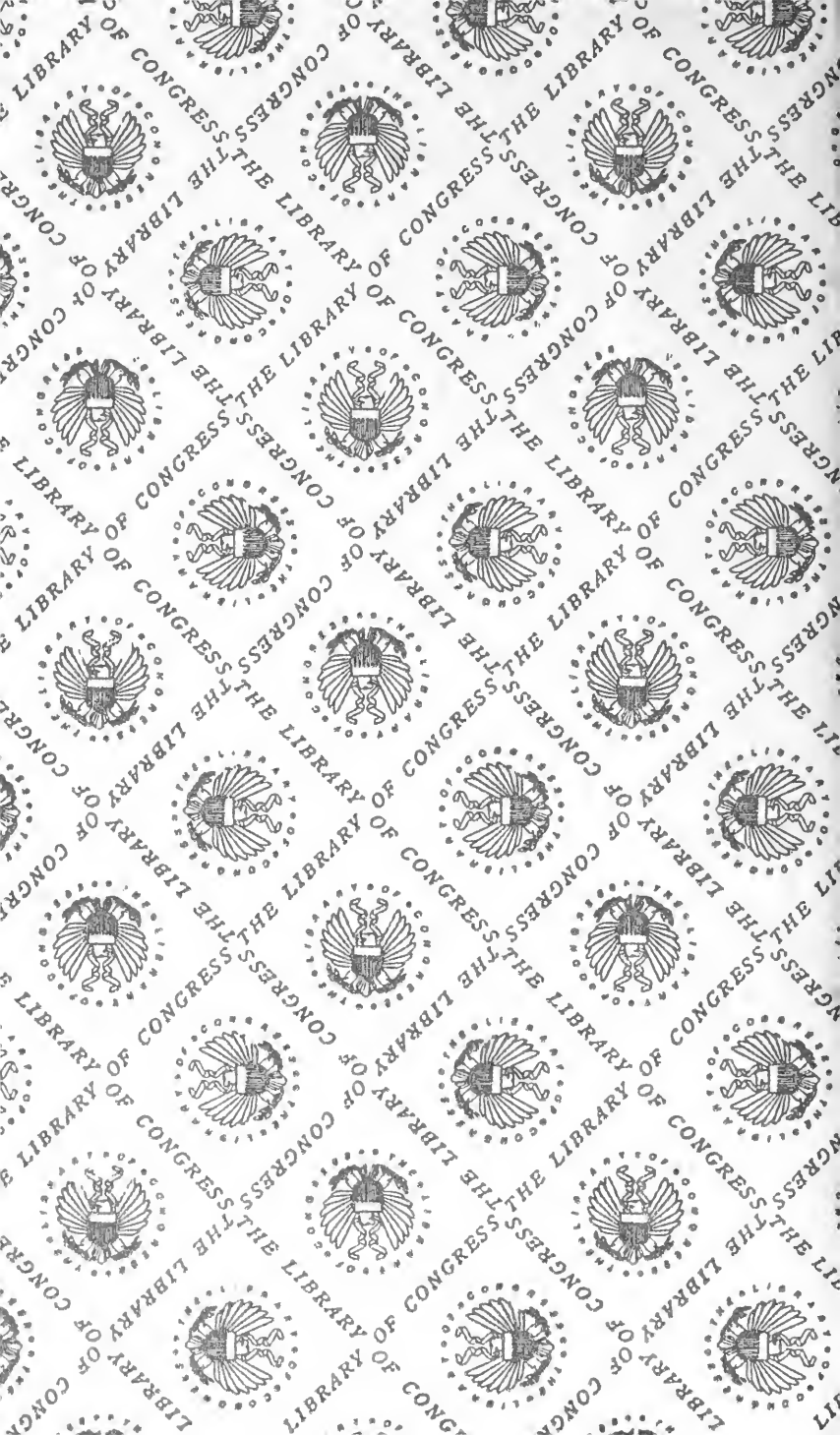
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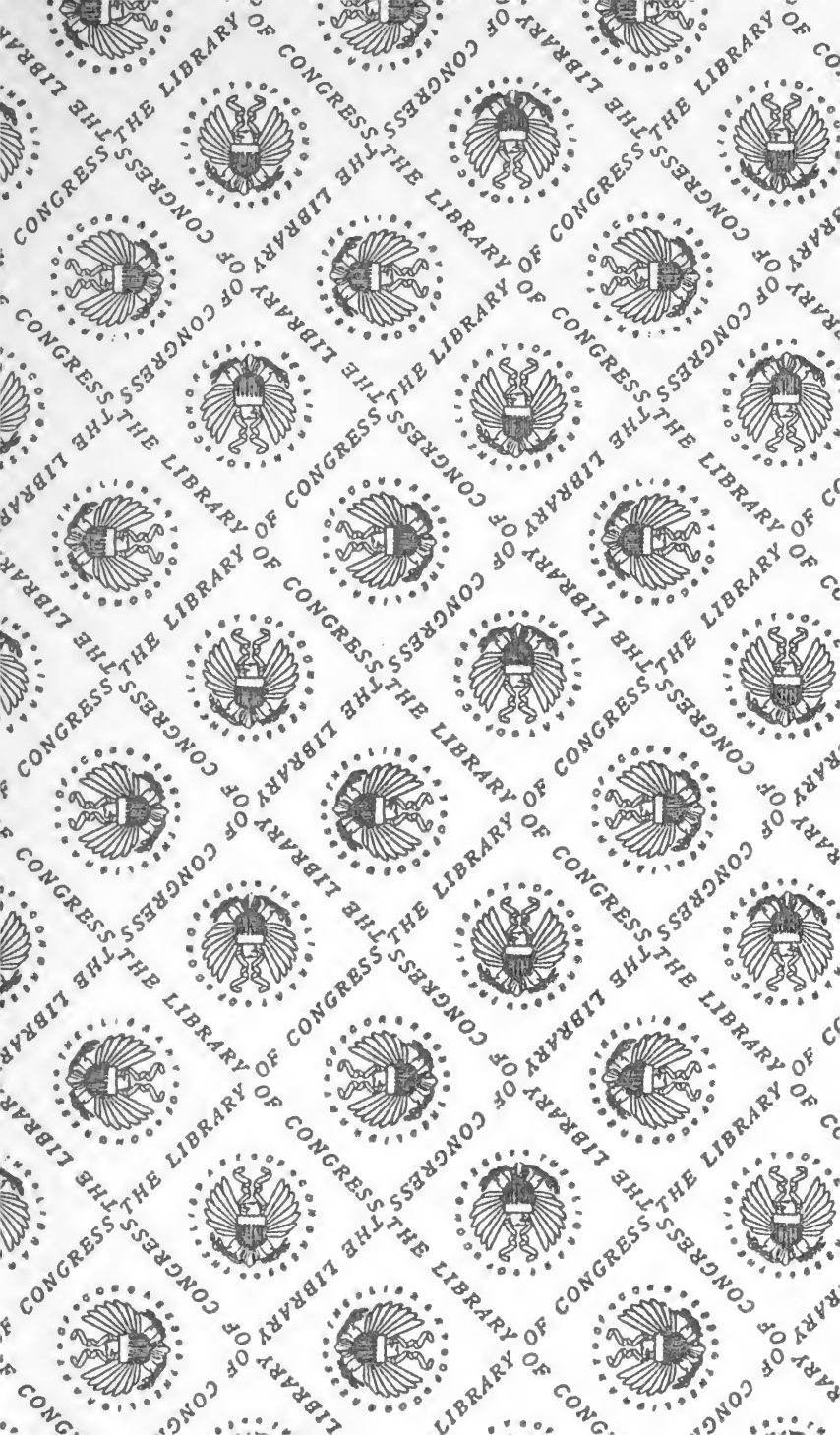
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# ECHOES of FRANCE

Verses from my Journal and Letters

BY

Amy Robbins Ware

American Red Cross

and

Army Educational Corps

A. E. F.

March 14th, 1918

to

July 14th, 1919

and afterwards

---

Distant thunder, a moment's lull;  
The storm's snap, and afterclap;  
Fair rainbow, and then afterglow.

---

THE FARNHAM COMPANY

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by  
Amy Robbins Ware

MAY 17 1921

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To

The lads who "Went West"  
and were sleeping there 'neath  
the flower-strewn fields or in  
No-Man's-Land of Far-away  
Happy-sad France this little  
Book is Reverently Dedicated.

## GREETING

EST-CE QUE C'EST VOUS?

A greeting to those for whom and with whom I served during 16 months sojourn in France in 1918-19.

To Mothers of boys "Gone West" and those who returned, I hope this assurance that American women were at the scene of action may be a comfort.

Those who toiled in making ready supplies for "over there," may like to know how it fared with us in the field.

To the wonderful group of gallant bird-men, including my radio-boys, at Issoudun, as well as Red Cross and "Y" workers, "Distant Thunder" may hold a reminiscent interest.

"The Lull" just touches the Biarritz leave area so dear to many.

"The Storm" will recall incidents of St. Mihiel to officers and corps-men of Field Hospital No. 41. Those who labored in that gigantic tent Hospital, No. 9 at Vaubricourt also will hear an echo of their experience there.



Especially I hope that Staff, Corps-men and Nurses of Evacuation Hospital No. 11 may have through my little book a crystallized memory of days of the Argonne drives at Brizeaux-Forestière.

Perhaps by this time even the patients who endured so much so bravely, may care to recall those hours in far away France.

"The Rainbow" shows a unit of the A.E.C. at the "Center" at Savenay, where the eight big Base Hospitals were, in the Spring of 1919. Through this center also came all the Army Nurse Corps that spring on their way home. Here it was, that grand woman, Jane Delano, was buried.

And I believe many members of the A.E.F. will react sympathetically to fancies in the "Afterglow."

Amy Robbins Ware, A.R.C., A.E.C., A.E.F.

ROBBINSDALE, MINNESOTA,  
NOVEMBER 19th, 1920.

## PREFACE

As the years roll by, images that we have preserved in our minds, images intense and warm, gradually grow dimmer and dimmer and vanish into the forgotten.

It is scarcely believable, nevertheless it is true, that even those deep-graven impressions of our departure for the war, in the darkness, our apprehensive skulking across the ocean; our terror and agony of the combat; our grief and pain of the sickrooms; our delight, later, of the sweet country and its brave, fine people, are already fading.

What a pity! These are hard-won treasures of ours which we may well guard, jealously, for they, alone, are all we possess of our great adventure. The anguish and pain, despair and rage, are now part of us—but, so are the lovely flowers, the brilliant blue sky, and the joyous spirit of France.

This I told Mrs. Ware when I heard a few of her verses. It seemed to me as though they had been caught off the forge, they glowed and sparkled with the heat which had created them.

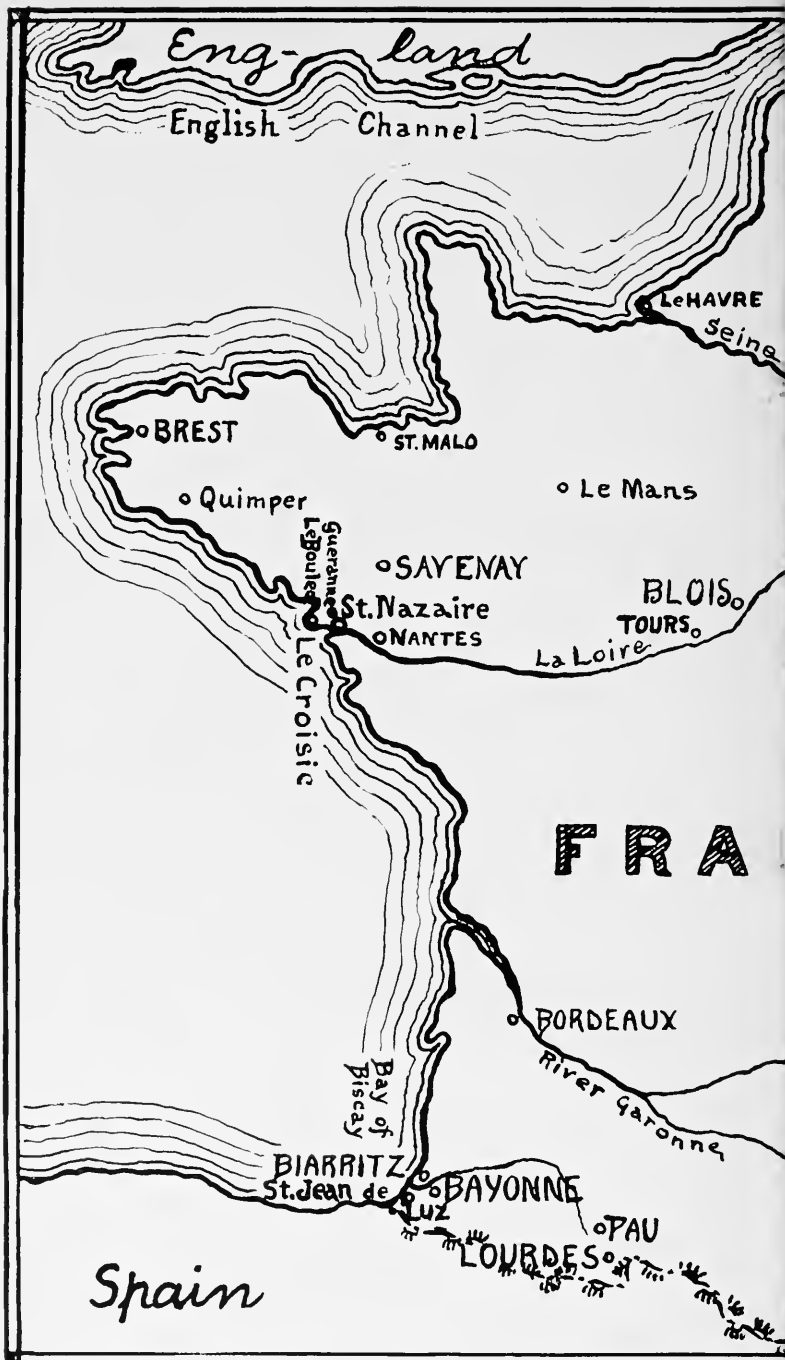
Written in the darkened ship and in the roaring Forest of Argonne they caught the terrific impressions of the hour and preserved them for us.

While we were still in France I asked her to put them together in a book, these impressions of nurse, radio instructor, canteen worker, and teacher, who met adventure in many guises at every turn in what was, probably, the most varied career of all the splendid women who served so well with the Expeditionary Forces.

We shall need many books like this as we march along the years; we shall need them to revive our sleeping memories so that we may live through the great experience once more. At such a moment it will be to a little book of verse like this, full of color and warmth, of grief and pain, and of serene and tranquil beauty, that we shall turn.

EDMUND BAEHR.

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI,  
NOVEMBER 11th, 1920.







## FOREWORD

NEW YORK HARBOR,  
5 O'CLOCK P. M., MARCH 14th, 1918.

### BECAUSE

Because the mem'ry of my soldier father  
Is so vivid to me;  
And years ago his only son passed on  
To the Far Countree;  
Because in Tripler Hospital my Mother  
Lent her youthful strength for  
Two years in the awful havoc of  
Our own Civil War,  
And has stood by me to the very moment  
Of my sailing;  
Because my sisters are the staunchest  
Champions unfailing;  
And I have a Friend most wonderful;  
Because I feel the urge today  
Of generations of Americans  
Who will not let me stay:  
I have this night started on the voyage  
So fraught with chance,  
I hope will carry me across the darkened  
Mine-strewn Sea to France.



Andrew Bonney Robbins  
Co. A., 8th Regt. Minnesota Volunteers,  
Anoka, Minnesota, 1861





Adelaide Julia Walker (Robbins)  
Volunteer Nurse, Tripler General Hospital  
Columbus, Ohio, 1862



Amy Robbins Ware, A. R. C., A. E. F.

## INTRODUCTION

The author of this record of the late War, set down in rhythmic prose or verse, is a friend and former student of mine.

Mrs. Ware's transcript of the Great Struggle has the advantage of being personal; she saw, experienced, was part of all that she depicts for the benefit of others. This renders her account authentic, gives it vividity, and makes it carry conviction.

Many a beautifully written book falls on languid, lackadaisical ears, for it is about nothing in particular; a noise in a vacuum. In sharp contrast with all such, is this unique, unconventional, honest setting down of actual and stirring occurrences, since she who went through with it, had the enormous asset of being participant in the mightiest international movement in all human history.

It is by the re-duplicated testimony of millions of eye witnesses like Mrs. Ware, that we stay-at-homes can get a synthesis on the whole, and re-live its scenes through the imagination.

The author's co-workers, and innumerable other mortals who, like myself, merely looked on and humbly helped in civic ways, will be glad to read her Echoes of France.

RICHARD BURTON.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA,  
NOVEMBER 1st, 1920.

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# ECHOES OF FRANCE

Part One

## DISTANT THUNDER

March 14th, 1918

to

August 15th, 1918

The angry clouds of war have gathered;  
The distant thunder rumbles westward,  
Echoing round the whole vast girth  
Of the shuddering, horror-stricken earth.

AT SEA, French Liner, La Touraine, carrying U. S.  
troops and German mail, sailing without convoy.  
NIGHT OF MARCH 23rd, 1918.

### THE HORSE OF TROY

In the midst of this hurricane month of Mars  
In the fourth year of the war,  
We dodged from the Goddess of Liberty's gate  
In the gloom of a growing storm.  
The scudding clouds drove on before  
And the flying feet of our plunging steed  
Sent a jet of spray with a mocking fling  
Backward into the night.

Nine nights we have ridden the ranging mare  
On the trail of an unlit way,  
While she rattled the bit with an angry jerk  
And neighed as a Banshee sprite.  
Our eyes still smart from the stinging lash  
Of her streaming wind-whipped mane,  
While we clung to the pommel and strove to pierce  
The perilous course that she held.

Already one man has been shaken off,  
    As a fly from her foam flecked flank;  
And ever the spray leaped higher  
    As we lunged through the lashing waves,  
'Till muscle and bone and brain were tired  
    With a sickening weariness,  
And we shivered and wondered what next would  
    come  
    As her hoofs clove the mine strewn track.

And so we have come to the last tense night  
    When we should make a dash for the goal,  
But the bucking beast is exhausted quite,  
    She has dropped to a calmer gait,  
Recking not that some prowler grim  
    May note how her paces lag  
And hurl us into eternity  
    With a curse and a "Spurlos Versenkt!"

But if they take heed that our saddle-bags  
    Are filled with the German mail,  
We may reach our destination, safe  
    Ere another sun goes down.  
Then out from this charger, descended direct  
    In the line of Troy's famed sire,  
Our hundreds of hidden warriors bold  
    Will come forth on the shores of France.

BORDEAUX-PARIS EXPRESS,  
MIDNIGHT, MARCH 24th, 1918.

## MOONLIGHT IN FRANCE

Resting on my steamer roll, I am watching the first fair moonlit night in France speeding past the windows.

We are hastening toward Paris, which they tell us is under siege of a long range gun.

This glorious moonlight only lays that fair city a victim of raiders in the air. All wires were down, the Red Cross man who came for us told us all we know.

The dear little villages are slipping away in the night; dark vines etched on their pale grey walls.

Tall Lombardy poplars mirrored in the peaceful streams are sentinels who guard the sleeping countryside. How vividly they recall memories of this happy land four interminable years ago when I last gazed enraptured upon its quaint and lovely restfulness.

QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS,  
MORNING MARCH 25th, 1918.

## A SHROUDED CITY

How strange it is!

Place de la Concorde looked from the bridge like a group of watchmen's towers on railroad crossings, little square buildings up in the air; in reality these are sandbag shields to the dear beautiful monuments.

Everywhere "Abri" signs indicate the refuge entrances. When the "Alerte" sounds or the siren screeches, every one dashes in.

No traffic, no taxis, we go to our hotel on the Rue Caummartin in a "camionette."

The big shop windows are protected from vibrations by decorative lattice-work of pasted paper strips. Being French, of course these have a real artistic value.

It is all very tense,—Paris under siege!

PARIS,  
MARCH 26th, 1918.

How changed I find my beloved Paris tonight!  
Her charm in this veil of darkness is superb.

## PARIS

I knew her in her gay mood,  
    When she pledged to life's delight  
In a sparkling cup of laughter  
    And all the world was bright.

Tonight we wander through the Bois  
    In a silence that is deep;  
Deep also are the mingled shadows  
    Of lost memories that sleep.

But when I stretch my hand to touch  
    My lovely wistful friend,  
She has faded in the mist where  
    Vagrant fancies blend.

My thoughts take wing and follow  
    The fluttering vision back,—  
The months of anguish that intervene  
    Seem years on years, all black.

Perhaps I loved her but lightly  
    In those vivid care free days,  
But the suffering that transfigures her  
    Binds me in undreamed ways.

The Soul that has come into being  
    No joy alone could give,  
But fathered of tragic sorrow  
    It shall forever live!

PARIS,  
MARCH 26th, 1918.

Ste. Geneviève guardian of Paris wrought a miracle of mists,  
as I came down the Champs Elysées tonight.

## VEIL OF SAINTE GENEVIÈVE

A pale moon bends above the Seine  
And dark eyed buildings look askance  
At me, while shrouded fountains  
Huddle close the treasure-trove of France.

A dim blue glow shows here and there  
From regions under ground,  
All is expectant, hushed and still,  
No sign of human life, no sound.

I feel the solemn presence  
Of a myriad sepulchers.  
Somewhere a Mother prays in anguish  
For that sleeping babe of hers.

Sainte Geneviève has heard her,  
For a mist comes drifting o'er  
Veiling the towers of Notre Dame  
And swathing Sacré Coeur,

While the Arc is hidden safely  
'Neath that sheltering mantle's hem  
Whose ample folds are swiftly gathering  
Tour Eiffel under them.

So the city rests in her billowy couch  
Invisible from above,  
Secure in the protection  
Of a gentle guardian's love.

QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS,  
MARCH 29th, 1918.

### REFUGEES

I have bought my billet militaire  
And am waiting at the gate,  
Friend porter has my baggage  
But my faith in him is great.

The station seethes with refugees  
Who have fled from Chantilly way  
Because the Boches are coming fast  
And may be there today.

Gesticulating and jabbering,  
They carry their treasured Penates;  
Wicker baskets, and odd straw crates,—  
Beasts and birds inhabit these.

Ungainly cloth-wrapped bundles  
Obtruding here and there;  
And many mirthless children  
Hovering everywhere.



Haggard faces bear the imprint  
Of tragic days of danger,  
This is a strange new France in which  
I am an utter stranger.

At last the jostling, struggling line  
Compactly moves along,  
The gates are open and we pass through  
A strange assorted throng.

Friend porter has "place reservée"  
To which he points with pride,  
He has held it with "les baggages"  
My faith is justified!

The wife of a young French officer  
With only a place in the aisle,  
Bids adieux to her soldier husband  
With lips that bravely smile.

Surely the crucial challenge  
Already has been hurled  
At breathless waiting Paris,—  
Gentle France,—the World!

ON THE TRAIN TO ISSOUDUN, (P. L. & M.)  
MARCH 29th, 1918.

### LE PAYS

The little towns are quaint and picturesque  
as of yore;

But in the fields are only old men,  
Saddened women and little children;  
The joyous spirit of youth, alas, is seen  
no more.

Black is omnipresent in the sombre suits of  
woe,

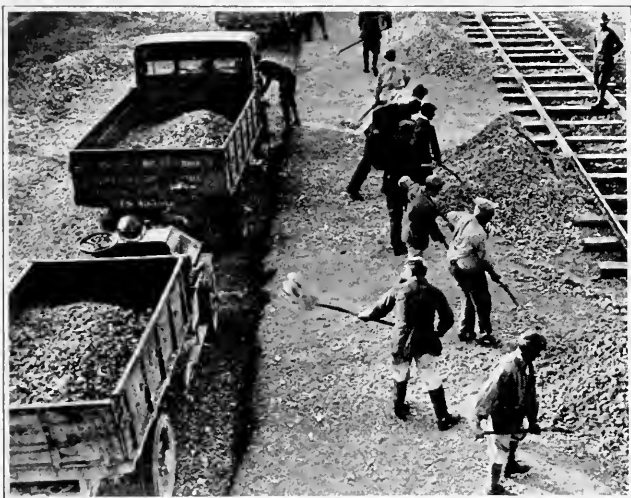
Only uniforms of France, horizon blue,  
Relieve the gloom with their fair hue.  
Even these do keep in mind the cause of all  
the black, though.

In a Truck, Issoudun to Camp.

It is 11 kilometres from Issoudun  
to Camp. A gentle rolling country with  
the familiar sky-line of Lombardy poplars,  
low vine-trellised buildings, and pine  
groves here and there.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
MARCH 29th, 1918.

### PiGs AT ISSOUDUN



Les prisonniers de la guerre, P. G.s, are working on the roads in their green uniforms with visored, red-trimmed caps.

Someone has painted an "i" into the brand on some of these uniforms, making it read "P i G".

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
ISSOUDUN, LOIR-INDRE,  
MARCH 29th, 1918. (From a letter home).

### FIRST FLASH OF CAMP

Camp is much like Marmarth, N. D., in color, quality and quantity of mud. It also recalls Bill Hart's films by the predominance of men, and in the long low barrack buildings of wood.

The air teems with planes.

There are about twenty of us in the Red Cross Canteen, directed by Miss Given-Wilson.

We are under such strict regulations as to uniforms, etc., that I shall probably be shot at sunrise before long. The "Thou shalt nots" are too numerous to be easily remembered.

APRIL 10th, 1918.

### IN THE GREATEST CAUSE

Today I asked for my cousin  
Who flew with the Lafayette men.  
The answer struck at the heart of me  
A blow that numbed me then.

APRIL 10th, 1918.

Driving his Spad in a swift pursuit  
Flying beyond the Boches' lines,  
As he peaked in lightning manoeuvres  
He crashed 'mid their bursting mines.

He already had earned his Croix de Guerre  
Ere ever I crossed the Sea  
In the vanished hope I could lend a hand  
If such need as this should be.

So the roar and onrush of tempests  
That are raging in fury so great  
Come echoing back to the training camp  
Where eager bird-men wait.

They long to try their pinions wide  
Out there 'gainst the hazards new  
Of this man-made chance to wage a war  
In the great un-charted blue.

I know I am not comprehending yet  
What this is that I have been told,  
It is quite too vast at the moment  
As I glimpse what the future must hold.

The thought that sustains us now is  
"We each have but one life to give,  
And if it could count in the greatest cause  
One would not choose rather to live."

ISSOUDUN,

MAY 14th, 1918. (Four go to Field 10 today.)

## FIELD 10

I cannot describe my yearning  
For the free young lads who flew,  
Not knowing from day to day  
Whether they would come through;  
And the wracking nights of sleeplessness  
When someone was missing from mess.  
( In my dreams the final salutes still ring  
On that field whence Spirits take wing.)

Each time as the sound of a muffled drum  
Grew through the listening heat  
My heart would stop for a second  
To catch the familiar beat,  
And a clamping, choking feeling  
Would take me by the throat,  
At the thought of the waiting Mothers  
In a land so far remote.

FIELD 10.

To the strains of that martial music  
The Fiat camion,  
Bearing its flag-draped casket,  
Solemnly moves on,—  
With the slowly marching comrades  
Taking a last farewell  
Of another brave young buddy  
“Gone West,” because,—he fell.

And we stand with flowers garnered  
Under the morning skies  
With the dewy tears still glistening  
In their lovely starry eyes.  
Sweet tribute of the spring-time  
To honor our glorious dead,  
Who have given their lives as nobly  
As if they had fought instead.

ISSOUDUN  
MAY 14th, 1918.

And while the fateful pronouncement  
Of "Dust to dust" rings out,  
High in the air above us  
Mock combats are whirring about,  
And two new graves stand open  
Awaiting the next who fall,  
For rarely a day goes by  
But the final bugles call.

Those eager soaring eagles  
Fly with a purpose high  
To do their daring duty  
When their time shall come to try.  
Not the least of that daring duty  
These flights in the unknown air  
When they go with a vast uncertainty  
Their new-fledged wings to wear.

The youthful, utter courage  
Of these boys at Issoudun  
Lends a positive exaltation  
To our grief when their bit is done.  
And always after a funeral  
There has to be a dance,—  
One cannot think on death too long  
When he must fly in France.



FIELD 10, ISSOUDUN, MAY 30th, 1918.



High in the air above us mock combats are whirring about.

ISSOUDUN,  
MAY 22nd, 1918.

### THE FLAG OF FRANCE

High bird notes sound the morning call  
Of Nature's reveille  
To which my soul enraptured  
Stands attention happily.

And when the dawn grows radiant  
On the fields of Issoudun,  
I walk to greet Aurora  
As she ushers in the Sun.

The touch of her slender finger tips  
As she leans from out the sky,  
Tells to the waiting blossoms  
That the Goddess is passing by.

Bluet, Marguerite, Coquelicot,  
In little quivering thrills  
Spread triple colored petals  
O'er the dew-starred springtime  
hills.

A breeze sweeps a deep salaam  
To the Golden Queen's advance,  
And over the fields that instant  
Is unfurled the flag of France.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
MAY 24th, 1918.

Lieut. Work, director of the Radio School  
is ordered away. I am to take his place!

## “TO SPEAK EACH OTHER IN PASSING”

Each night when my canteen day is done  
I go for a half mile walk,  
To “Y Hut 2,” by the big stone shop  
Where they have the testing block.

But it isn't the walk I go for,  
Ah no! I'm so tired, I'll say,  
I could just *fall* into my army bunk,  
For at five begins my day.

But those eager ambitious youngsters  
Must learn the wireless key,  
If they want to earn their brevets  
And their “Sam Browne belts,” you see.

The two hours are divided—  
Theory, machines, and tactics;  
The rest of the flying moments  
In messages swift the key clicks.

So every night but Sunday,  
In weeks that are far too short,  
We tap the queer big knobs they use  
And think it rare good sport.

\* \* \* \* \*

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
MAY 24th, 1918.

My thoughts tonight have flown backward  
To a window on Loring Park,  
Where I taught the Navy League girls to send,  
And the "why?" of a radio spark.

May 26th, 1918.

FORCED LANDINGS  
or  
FREE MILK IN FRANCE

When the dew is on the daisies  
And the hay is in the mow,  
And your mascot goat is blatting  
And the milk is in the cow,

What in the deuce can you do, boy,  
But go for a spin in the blue, boy,  
And bring it back in a pail?

So you try to mount your Nieuport  
When the sky is free of bumps,  
And hope the C. O. will not have  
A prying fit of grumps.

For there surely is nothing to do, boy,  
But go for a spin in the blue, boy,  
And bring it back in a pail.

MAY 26th, 1918.

Yet when you're sailing up above  
And cows are down below,  
You won't believe how hard it is  
A simple cow to know.

But sure and the job is to do, boy,  
As you circle up there in the blue, boy,  
For to bring it back in a pail.

From the vantage point of heaven  
You pick a "likely" mammal,  
Quickly force a landing,  
And light a fragrant Camel.

You hope that the critter won't moo, boy,  
Until you are perfectly through, boy,  
And have carried it back in a pail.

But when you get your treasure  
And come sailing into camp,  
You're rewarded by the antics  
Of the funny little scamp,

For he knows just what is to do, boy,  
With the manna that came from the blue, boy,  
And was carried back in a pail!



OFFICIAL RED CROSS

Ma-pa-bon, voo-bon, uglai-e-e, lets go!

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
JULY 1st, 1918.

## THE HEATHEN CHINEE

To teach the heathen chinee how to iron!  
Well what do you think of that?  
How Mother would laugh if she saw me,—  
One's little, the other enormously fat.

“Ma-pa-bon, voo-bon,  
Ugh-lai-e-e,  
Let's go.”

And they stand there and watch what I'm doing,  
And mimic and chuckle and grin.  
The way that they mix up the language  
And juggle with speech is a sin.

“Ma-pa-bon, voo-bon,  
Ugh-lai-e-e,  
Let's go!”

I don't know a thing about ironing,  
Any one knows that knows me,  
But the pleats that I put in my uniform blouse  
Are the reason I have to be  
The model this sweltering hot summer weather  
For stupid and comical Heathen Chinee.

“Ma-pa-bon, voo-bon!  
Ugh-lai-e-e,  
Let's-go!”

ISSOUDUN,  
AUGUST 1st, 1918. (From letters home.)

## BACK HOME ON LEAVE

Marie and I had the surprise of our lives this morning. I was scrubbing tables in the canteen, twelve done, ten to go; and she was grinding coffee to beat the band which was just completing its musical march 'round the square.

At the witching hour of six forty five who should come galloping into our paddock but Lieutenant X....., of the picture frames carved from "props," a zither built from the ground up, of "laminated wood," and all the other time-killing devices with which he was wont to slay 99-lived Time, while he champed the bit to get to the FRONT.

He has been! Flown in long distance reconnaissance, driving a "Salmson," for a terrific number of hours. Had a three days leave to Paris, and took the *first* train "back home, to see how all the folks were. You didn't think I'd stay in Paris, did you, and not come home a-tall?"



ISSOUDUN,  
AUGUST 1st, 1918.

(After all, perhaps the grilling work we do, does count for the main object, to bring a piece of America here to France for them.)

He is subtilely but decidedly changed, though. Something evanescent, something that meant youth has left him. Something different and just as intangible has come, and it makes for confidence and power. Yet, how reluctant I feel to see youth go, even for this finer, broader spirit!

NEARLY A YEAR LATER.

### MORE THAN LIFE

I saw Lieutenant X. . . , yesterday before I left Paris. More than youth has gone now. He was so wounded that he says he will never return to the States. Life wouldn't mean much to him there now.

(One thing war does, is to make death seem a very simple, not very terrible thing, after all.)

EN TRAIN, ISSOUDUN TO PARIS,  
AUGUST 12th, 1918.

## RETROSPECT

A sadness steals o'er me  
That closing episodes will ever see;  
For Camp has opened wide the doors of Life,  
Filling the hours with myriad duties rife,  
Since I arrived in winter's waning day,  
Adding my little mite to make things gay  
For those young lads, forever on the wing,  
Who smile through everything.

"On marmites" is a shift,  
Will test you out, if you may have the gift  
To stoke two ranges huge with softest coal;  
As with dainty touch you fill the hot drink bowl;  
Open ten tin cans for every marmite filled,  
"Coffee-grinding" a kilo and a half well milled;  
Keeping the "caisse" supplied the while you're seen  
*Scouring great marmites clean.*

EN TRAIN, ISSOUDUN TO PARIS,

“On Officers”, how queer!  
It sounded oddly to my novice ear,  
But very soon I learned all that it meant  
As up and down our flying footsteps went.  
Two hundred officers, five times a day,  
With “set ups”, mess by courses, flowers gay;  
Five plates at once, sans trays, and take your turn.  
(Oh, how those hot bowls burn!)

“Sandwiches”, a busy  
Shift, slicing, spreading, filling, ‘til you’re dizzy.  
Bread puddings, too, “like Mother used to make,”  
“I’ll tell the world that they’re not hard to take!”  
Boiled eggs, sausages, and apples were great treats,  
Fresh milk, hot drinks, “nubbins and other eats,”  
Dispensed at “Caisse” for the enlisted men.  
(Hark! The Chopin march, again!)

EN TRAIN, ISSOUDUN TO PARIS,  
AUGUST 12th, 1918.

When your shift is "Canteen,"  
You keep the twenty two big tables clean,  
Pick up and wash in hot suds "minérale"  
Huge baskets full of tin cups; gather all  
The scraps in pails; make festive bouquets  
    bright;  
And see that checker sets and chess are  
    right.  
Thus do we make an atmosphere of home,  
    Lest our young soldiers "roam."

"The Red Cross Sewing Shop"  
Is where our new-made officers would stop  
To have a brevet wing sewed on, with space  
Above the pocket for the honor badge of "ace."  
And Sergeant's chevrons, on the proper sleeves,  
Or braids, one, two, or more, straight and in  
    clover leaves,  
For officers and men we mended, pressed,  
    Likewise for those "Gone West."

ISSOUDUN,  
JULY, 1918.

THE RED CROSS SEWING SHOP



OFFICIAL RED CROSS

For officers and men we mended, pressed, likewise  
for those "Gone West"

ISSOUDUN,  
SUMMER, 1918.



OFFICIAL RED CROSS  
Thus do we make an atmosphere of home lest our young soldiers roam.

EN TRAIN, ISSOUDUN TO PARIS,  
AUGUST 12th, 1918.

Flowers for the Canteen,  
And officers' mess-hall that might be seen,  
We gathered in brief intervals "off duty;"  
In spring there is so much of beauty  
In France that truly it was a delight to go  
O'er fields and meadows where sweet flowers  
    blow,  
And garner them for eager, gallant men,  
    Or weave them for Field 10.

Not least among the tasks  
Which our strange, varied Service asks,  
Is that we dance of nights, and make as tho'  
We felt all light of heart, and did not know  
That just today, one we had "mothered" well,  
In flying of a faulty Nieuport, fell.  
This is the lesson we must learn from France,—  
    "Smile on, and *face* War's chance!"



Lieut. "Sandy" Hamilton, 118 Aero Squadron  
than whom none was more sadly missed.



3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,  
AUGUST 5TH, 1918.

IN MEMORIAM



All honor is due to the boys who flew,  
And are sleeping under the flowers,  
So brave, so gay and so young were they  
In the hope of those golden hours.

EN TRAIN, ISSOUDUN TO PARIS,  
AUGUST 12th, 1918.

### REVERIE

Sunshine and shadows; grilling  
toil and the sweet recompense  
of real appreciation:

Music, joy, hope, exuberance of  
the life military; and again,—

Music, the passing of life, and  
the burial military, with its own  
exalted grief.

All this and more, Issoudun has  
been to me.

Now at the close of the episode,  
I am glad to find that I can still  
accept life on the terms offered,—  
being thankful both for the sunshine  
and the shadows:

Sunshine for its own sake,  
and shadows for showing the sunshine  
more fair.

“To be saddened by the inescap-  
able is a great mistake,” one can not,  
one *must not*, in time of war!

ECHOES OF FRANCE

Part Two

THE LULL

(An Interval)

August 15th, 1918,

to

September 10th, 1918.

Sometimes as the tempest foregathers  
Comes a hush,  
When the throb of the tense waiting  
Silence is heard.

## IMPRESSIONS

LE MATIN, BIARRITZ,  
AUGUST 16th, 1918.

The morning sounds of Biarritz  
Begin at break of day,  
With the shrill call of the fish-wife,  
And "Madelon" across the way,  
While down below us boom the drums  
The dashing whitecaps play.

UNDER THE ARCADES OF BAYONNE,  
AUGUST 25th, 1918.

My spirit rides at anchor  
Or drifts the summer sea,  
Sipping ices here at Bayonne,  
Where the best makillas be;  
And all the world seems filled  
With peace and harmony to me.

THE PEARL OF THE PYRENEES,  
SEPTEMBER 6th, 1918.

Oh, Pau is as lovely a jewel  
As any I ever have seen,  
Set in the crown of the mountains  
With bezel of malachite green.

EBB-TIDE AT SAINT JEAN DU LUZ,  
SEPTEMBER 1st, 1918.

As I lie in the edge of the Bay of Biscay  
Where the shore curves to St. Jean du Luz,  
With the sweet baby arms of a kiddy  
Clinging close as the gentle waves ooze;  
The toil and the grief of the months that are gone  
Slip away as a dream while I muse;  
With the mountains that frown on the borders of  
Spain  
Just a donkey ride hence, if you choose.

NIGHT AT LOURDES,  
SEPTEMBER 7th, 1918.

The night hour veils this grotto shrine; wind sighs,  
And dark rain buffets hurrying worshippers,  
Who come to light tall white cathedral tapers  
Within that strange uncanny spot where lies  
The cast off crutch or brace of those who rise  
And walk again. Notre Dame de Lourdes answers  
Who e'er purge at this weird shrine of hers,  
Moroccan soldier, and the poilu sage,  
Or malformed human victims of disease;  
(But he who hath not faith to come,—so dies.)  
While some there be who offer votive hostage,  
And kiss yon rock to purchase pain's surcease  
For those who struggle in the wars that rage  
Beyond the shadow of these Pyrenees.

EN TRAIN, BIARRITZ TO PARIS,  
SEPTEMBER 9th, 1918.

### REJUVENATION

Oh, the glad exhilaration  
Of sharp contact with the sea,  
And the glowing exaltation  
When ashore it carried me!

It was Biarritz for bathing  
In the jolly dashing waves;  
And now it's back to Paris  
With the health that  
courage saves.

If Fate should send a challenge  
That would prove a crucial test  
I trust that I could meet it  
By serenely "Going West."

# ECHOES OF FRANCE

## Part Three

### THE STORM

September 10th, 1918,

to

November 11th, 1918.

The storm breaks in fury of death-dealing hail  
With its poisonous blasts 'gainst which naught  
will avail,

The lightning's lance, and the yawning earth-  
quake;—

In these tempests that rage more than life is at  
stake.

EN ROUTE TO ST. MIHIEL, SEPT. 10th, 1918.



An American mask and a little tin derby.



PARIS,

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1918.

When I arrived this morning the R. C. had just asked for 30 volunteers to the Front. My orders are "Observe what is needed and supply it".

## J'ATTENDS, C'EST LA GUERRE

I sit in my Paris room tonight,  
With the heavy curtains tightly drawn  
So the Gothas cannot spot us as they fly.  
My knapsack lies there ready packed for  
Starting in the morning before dawn.

(Life's great adventure has begun for me.)

The bells already have stricken twelve  
In the region where bells still ring,  
And my thoughts are turning westward to the land  
Where my youth was spent, in the happy  
Carefree days long gone, where glad birds  
sing.

The house on the hill in the autumn,  
The glowing warmth of open fires, soft rain,  
And the bittersweet vine on the side porch trellis.  
I cannot keep me from wondering,—  
Shall I ever be there again?

PARIS,  
SEPTEMBER 10th, 1918.

The gas-mask drill seems all unreal,  
But that queer steel helmet I shall carry  
On my shoulder in the morning, and the canteen,  
And the mess kit, show that it was not  
Just a dream. (How life's values vary!)

I pray that Mother may not know  
Until it is all over, -- no not that!  
I don't mean "all over" in the way it sounds,  
I mean I hope she will not know until  
I'm safe returned from the great combat.

My thoughts are all a strange confusion  
Of things I did when I was just a  
Tiny child and learned to know no fear while Father  
Let me hold his little finger as we  
Watched the warring wind and lightning play.

They say such things occur to people  
Who are about to die, but that can't be,  
Because I've still no fear of other storms with  
Deadly man-made lightnings that glare,  
And all the ghastly havoc there to see.

(But I'll be sadly missing Father's hand.)

And yet I do not know, I think that  
Now as then his presence will sustain.  
In bygone days there never was a time he  
Would not smooth my childish troubles  
All away and make me glad again.

Even when a baby frog, one day,  
Fell down between the sidewalk boards,  
He took one up so I could get the silly little  
Fellow out again. So kind he led us,  
By example and by just rewards.

(How very long ago that must have been!)

I hope the ghastly siren does not  
Screech tonight, I am so very tired,  
And there are so few hours left before I must  
Put on these strange trappings and fare forth  
Into that Unknown, which I desired.

(There is an odd ache in my throat that will not  
go away.)

Suddenly the vision of a little  
Child reaches her baby arms to mine  
Out of the mists of Yesterday, "I will be  
A good little girl while you're gone, I will!"  
Oh, dearer than any gift divine—

(I hid my face in the pillows to smother the sound  
of a tempest of tears, as the flood of memories  
swept over me.)

PARIS, TO NEUFCHATEAU,  
SEPTEMBER 12th, 1918.

### THE ADVANCE

A strangely silent city  
I crossed in the pre-dawn hour.  
I think I know now how a pilot  
feels when he steers in a dead  
blank fog.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Marne in the light of a  
cheerless day, is over-riding the  
underbrush on the oozy sodden  
fields.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chateau Thierry is behind us;  
Neufchateau is here. The dusk comes  
on apace. Our journey will continue  
in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEUFCHATEAU TO SORCEY-SUR-MEUSE,  
SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918.

"A FORCED MARCH"

All night long the camions passed  
Advancing on St. Mihiel;  
Khaki clad men, gas masks alert,  
And little brown hats of steel.

\* \* \* \* \*

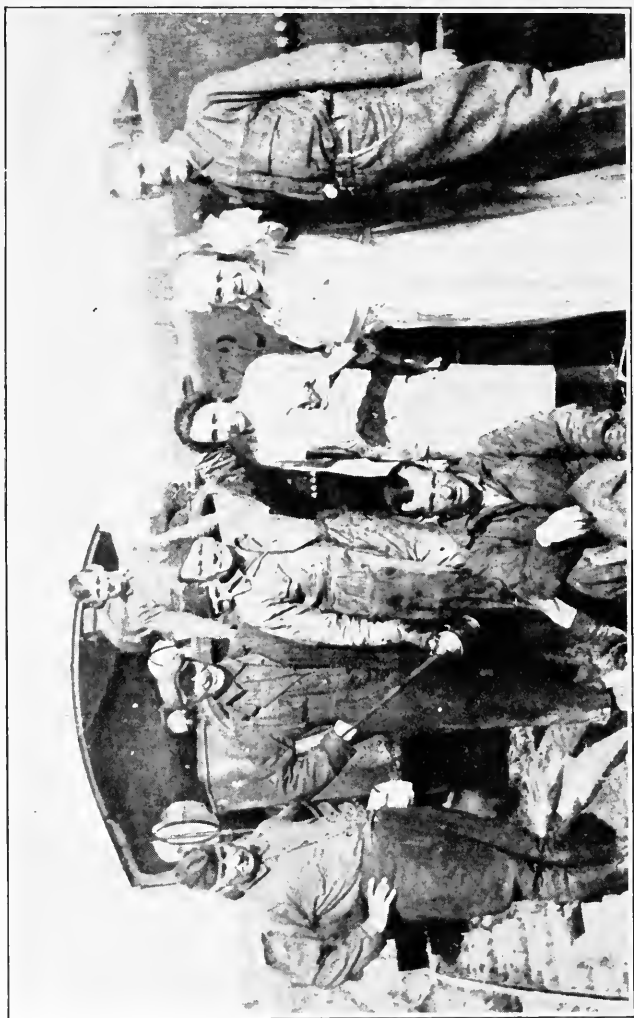
Now *we* are a part of the line  
That makes the swift advance;  
With them our lot is cast  
By war's uncertain chance.

\* \* \* \* \*

See, Field Hospital forty one,  
In yonder old stone quarry!  
(Before another week is run  
Full many a tragic story—)

\* \* \* \* \*

FIELD HOSPITAL 41, SORCEY, SEPT. 12th, 1918.



Our thousand gallon Tank-car and some of the Engineers at Sorcey.

FIELD HOSPITAL 41, SORCEY-SUR-MEUSE,  
SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918.

### STOVEPIPE and TANK-CAR

Two sheet iron covered ovens  
In the rocky hill,  
Two hundred-litre marmites  
Of chocolate to fill  
Underneath a little shelter  
With a *short* stove-pipe.

A primitive equipment  
With which to turn the trick,  
The biggest difficulty  
Service must be quick!  
The draught would be much better  
With a *long* stove-pipe.

A thousand gallon tank-car  
Is always on the track  
Filled with mountain water  
The Engineers haul back,  
They're our sure dependence for  
Tarpaulin, or field-range,  
And a *long* stove-pipe!



"Water"

FIELD HOSPITAL No. 41,  
SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918. (From a letter home)

## THE ABR I

We have folding cots with army blankets, and gas masks for pillows. Our steel helmets hang at our heads, within hand's reach.

Our abri is a short rough walk from the tent. Down crude cut steps into a root-cellar like hole. It is important because Jerry flies by night, every night that it does not rain.

The sentry who patrols will sound the "alerte" when they come, so I will sleep 'til then.

Tomorrow there will be thousands of activities when the patients come from beyond the barrage-lit hill, where the deadly thunder is already beginning its ominous roar.



FIELD HOSPITAL No. 41,  
MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918.

After all those months at Issoudun these real  
combats are irresistibly fascinating to watch!

BEHIND THE LINES  
AT ST. MIHIEL

I sat on the steps of the abri  
While bombs from the avions fell  
And heard the shriek of the shrapnel  
Hissing its message of hell.

The shuddering sky was shaken  
With a quivering deluge of red.  
My trembling soul revolted  
To think of the mangled and dead.

'Twas only today,—this morning,  
I followed the swift moving train  
Bearing its burden of brave men  
Into the Valley of Pain.

Hour after hour they have rolled on  
Winding their tortuous way,  
Rumbling, camouflaged monsters  
Transporting the troops all day.

EN ROUTE TO ST. MIHIEL, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1918.



U. S. SIG. CORPS OFFICIAL

Rumbling camouflaged monsters transporting the troops all day.

FIELD HOSPITAL #41,  
NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1918.

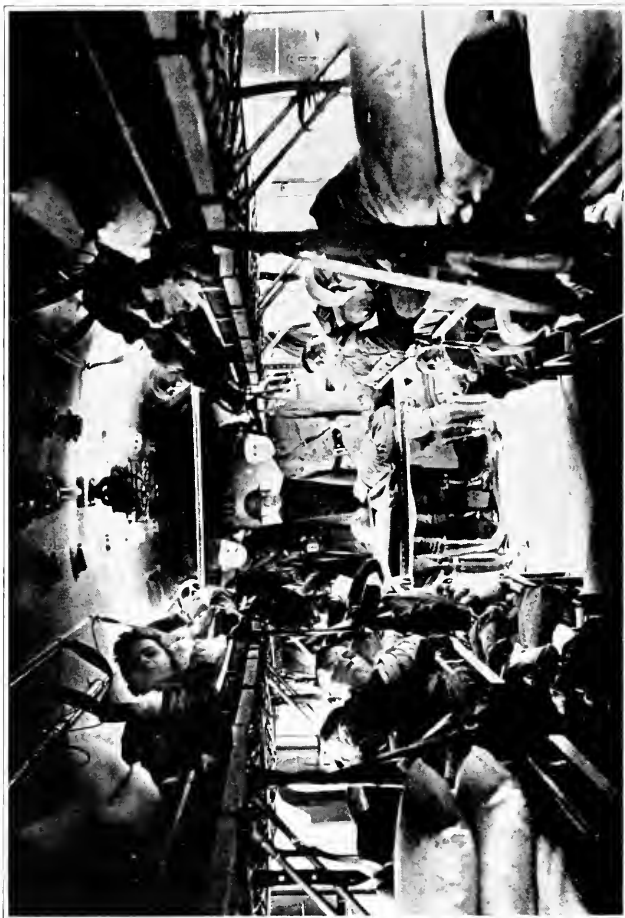
How eager they were when they saw us  
Who had followed them over the Sea  
For the sake of the Mothers who could  
not come,  
In the bitter need there will be.

Laughing high spirited soldiers,  
Your youth is a glorious power;  
But the iron will enter your very souls  
In the life-time of this hour!

The shells are snapping and crashing  
In that seething chaldron of hate,  
While our valiant Sons of Liberty  
Charge forward to grapple with fate.

They'll be *carried* to us, on that shell-  
torn road,  
Those wrecks of gallant men!  
Lord grant that we hold a steady nerve  
That we shall not fail them then.

FIELD HOSPITAL #41.



OFFICIAL RED CROSS PHOTO

On the American Hospital Train.

FIELD HOSPITAL No. 41, (from a letter home).  
SEPTEMBER 14th, 1918.

## ON THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL TRAIN

A convoy of two hundred and fifty patients goes out on the American train tonight. We will serve those from #11, and #39, as well as our own #41's, on the stretchers in the cars, because we are the only Red Cross unit at hand.

Cigarettes, cocoa, chocolate-bars, gum, cookies, and jelly sandwiches we can give freely, our supply is ample.

By the happiest and strangest coincidence, each glass of jelly in this entire consignment, bears the name of Mrs. Capron, one of my unit here. Her delight in dispensing it to these lads is a pleasure to behold.

I wish all those who are toiling at home could *Know* that the things are really "coming across."

FIELD HOSPITAL #41,  
SEPTEMBER 17th, 1918.

To one who knows them well, there is as much difference  
in the sound of a German and an American plane,  
as between the spoken words of the language.

## BIRDS OF THE NIGHT

Out of the pulsing darkness  
Comes swooping a great black bird,  
And the throb of its evil heart-beat  
In the lurid night is heard,—  
Whirr-rr-rr, whirr-rr-rr.

It needs not to see the marking  
Of a cross upon the wing  
To know the certain fledging place  
Of that monstrous harpy thing,—  
Whirr-rr-rr, whirr-rr-rr.

I crouch down one step further  
Into the oozing trench,  
And my heart takes up the rhythm  
With a terrifying wrench,—  
Blurr-rr-rr, blurr-rr-rr.

From its aerie beyond the hilltop  
An eagle hears the sound  
And flings a challenge skyward  
As it quickly spurns the ground,—  
Purr-a-rr-a-rr, purr-a-rr-a-rr.

At that note of reassurance  
From the bird of the bullseye mark  
My pulses ease their throbbing  
And I strive to pierce the dark,—  
Blurr-a-rr-a-rr, blurr-a-rr-a-rr.



Far in the dim dark heavens  
Th' avenging shadow swings  
Spitting deadly flame streaked venom  
While the pending swan-song rings,—  
Whirr-rr-rr, whirr-rr-rr.

A flash, a flop, the cross-winged monster  
Blazing plunges to the hill,  
A twisted mangled work of carnage,  
For its human heart is still,—  
----- -- --, ----- -- --.

And the brave young eagle soaring  
In the darkness slips away,  
Ready for still other combats  
Of the now on-coming day,—  
Purr-a-rr-a-rr, purr-a-rr-a-rr.

FIELD HOSPITAL #41,  
SEPTEMBER 18th, 1918.

### "STRIKE TENTS"

Last night a fragment of shrapnel shell  
Dropped by a bird of the night,  
Struck one of the men from my home town  
As it swerved in its death-dealing  
flight.

He died in the span of a moment  
With his poor throat mangled and torn.  
It was only a few yards from where I sat;  
And they laid him to rest in the  
early morn.

So the C. O. ordered a zigzag trench  
Dug through the stony soil,  
To make us safe from the "daisy cutters"  
By this urgently strenuous toil.

Just as our dearly wrought promenade  
Was ready against the need,  
Came commands "Break camp immediately,  
And on sealed orders proceed."

We have pulled up stakes and packed our  
stores,  
And now we are on the way  
To another spot in the U. S. line  
For another fight on another day.



EVACUATION HOSPITAL #9,  
SEPTEMBER 26th, 1918.

I grieve to leave my little Irish buddy. There never were  
so many hours, her good cheer could'nt last another.

VAUBRICOURT EN PASSANT

I have left little Jane Mc Cullagh  
With that onslaught of work at nine  
Where days and nights of receiving ward  
In a lurid nightmare combine.

The litter bearers come hurrying  
In a never ending rush  
For the ambulances keep rolling up  
From the dressing-station crush.



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS OFFICIAL

Stretcher bearers en route to dressing station, with  
wounded man, passing a dead horse on the field.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL #9, VAUBRICOURT,  
SEPTEMBER 26th, 1918.

The racks on which to set stretchers  
Fill two thirds of the tent.  
A ticket tied to each patient  
Tells to which ward he is sent.

You must watch Captain Roberts' signal  
If the hot drink is to give;  
For it chokes them under the ether,  
But if they must wait, it helps them live.

Each night to the very tent top  
Mount "processions of wounded men;"  
And German prisoners need "translating"  
For the records now and then.

The cocoa forever must be on tap  
From the kitchen out in the rain,  
And cups incessantly sterilized  
To be safe to use again.

From the ward of Lieutenant Carey  
Hundreds go out in a night;  
It is just as important, and much the same,  
A task that is far from light.

Then the canteen for the walking men,  
And the dozens of wards beside;  
With only twenty four hours in a day,  
It is hard to tell how to divide.

VAUBRICOURT TO BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
MEUSE-ARGONNE, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1918.

This noon Capt. Pennington asked me if I could be  
ready to move on in 45 minutes, so we're off!

EN ROUTE AGAIN

Another hospital with no Red Cross at all  
Is in most tragic need of help that we could give,  
So Captain Pennington is sending us still further up,  
With such equipment, we can make a shift to live,  
The while we set up our establishment out there,  
To carry on the work which meets one everywhere.

Lieutenant Hoyle and I were leaving Number Nine  
In a camion filled with many strange supplies,-  
Cots and lumber, stoves, bricks, mortar, marmites,  
blankets,

Tar-paper, nails, and food for needs that might arise.  
As we were starting from the Camp at Vaubricourt,  
Came Margaret Brown in search of missing Mobile 4,

So we joined forces, and away we drove together,  
Tossing cigarettes and bars of chocolate as we went,  
To marching men, en route to the inferno just ahead,  
From which yet others are returning weary, spent.  
Of these who march beside us on the muddy way,  
How many will be carried back to us today!

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE, MEUSE ARGONNE,  
EVENING, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1918.  
(From letters home)

## IN THE SHADOW OF BEAULIEU

Croix Rouge Ambulance, so the sign reads, but it looks more like stock exhibit buildings at the State Fair, with side-show tents interspersed.

Lo, and behold! Corps men and officers of Evacuation Hospital #11 who were casual with Field #41 at Sorcey!

I am unexpectedly at home in the bosom of my St. Mihiel family.

\* \* \* \* \*

SEPTEMBER 27th, 1918.

While the little building we are to have for the Red Cross was being enlarged I worked today in the sterilizing room, preparing surgeons' coats, and making surgical dressings.

It is dark now, the sky glows in the familiar pulsating red, casting the trees that crown Beaulieu hill, sharp silhouettes against the ominous glare.

The rush is beginning. It will be many hours before we pause again.



EVACUATION HOSPITAL #41,  
BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
SEPTEMBER 30th, 1918.

How young and sure of life he  
was! An American hero of the  
Argonne fight. I envy the mother  
of such a son even *because* he has  
made the supreme sacrifice.

HAROLD JOHNS,  
ONE OF MY HEROES.

In the bleak drear fog of this autumn day  
I watched while his spirit passed,  
This bronze crowned son of the Southland  
Unconquered to the last.

He asked that I would not "write Mother"  
And tell her that he was here,  
For a few days, until he was better,  
To spare her a useless fear.

And now he has slipped past the border  
Of this realm of bitter pain,-  
In my heart is a deep sad thankfulness  
That he need not suffer again.

I count him one of my heroes so brave,  
Dear Lord, how young he seems;  
I know that after full many a day  
I shall see this boy in my dreams.

But those who will carry their burden of  
grief  
Through all of the coming years,  
Are awaiting the message that I must send  
Confirming their hearts' worst fears.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,

OCTOBER 4th, 1918.

The courage of a nineteen year old lad, shot through the lung, was the wonder and admiration of us all.

## AN ECHO OF THE ARGONNE

How well I remember, dear lad,  
the night I came to you out of the  
agonies of that unspeakable hell,  
in which you had been changed from  
the gay boy you must have been, to  
the wonder-man for whom I came to  
care so tenderly. You said you had  
no mother, and I,—I have no son!

The incessant thunder of the  
dread barrage shook the very tentpole  
where you lay all white and breath-  
less of your ghastly wounds.

You thought I was an angel on  
that night, and your transfigured  
smile gave my heart pause, as I  
sought your fluttering pulse, and  
bent to catch the whispered word  
which seemed so near your last.

OCTOBER 4th.

I never hoped to see you more.  
On that dread night of terrors I  
thought you would have passed on  
to your well earned rest. Yet in the  
morning when I made my rounds  
you were still there.

Each weary day that dragged  
its tedious course, I held you steady  
while the tortures that meant life  
to you, tore my very soul to shreds.

Your head pressed tight against  
me and your two hands gripped in  
mine we fought it out together, you  
and I. You never flinched, just drew  
your breath in those great agonizing  
gasps, while the cold sweat drenched  
my shoulder.

You were so young, so brave,  
I *could not* let you die.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
OCTOBER 4th, 1918.

Then suddenly they sent you to some other place. It was a bleak drear day. There seemed so little I could do to rob that fearful journey of its agonies!

And yet you smiled up at me from the stretcher there, that strange sweet smile that seemed scarce of this earth a part.

You said you did not suffer. And I shuddered when I thought the drug that held your pain in leash might loose its hold before you came to that far haven that I could not even know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear boy, you might have been my son. And I have never known if you survived that journey, or whether you lie buried there in that sad France, which I should love more tenderly, if you were sleeping there.



BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,

OCTOBER 5th, 1918.

No nurse is available to take 24 hour duty with Lieut. Colsh.  
They say the groans and ether of the ward will kill him.

## THE LIFE OF A SURGEON

Marie Hancox of Issoudun,  
My very first buddy dear,  
After all the times I have asked for her  
At the crucial moment is here.

Tonight she has come to Eleven,  
With "searcher" Turnbull sent,  
When the Colonel had asked me to "special"  
One of our staff in a tent.

There are diets and letters and dressings  
That daily are to do,  
For more than eight hundred patients,—  
We are thankful they have sent two.

Brownny and I are working already  
Up to twenty two hours in a day;  
We didn't see how she could possibly  
Add my wards to hers this way.

But we *can't* spare one of our surgeons,  
And at this rate he would not survive.  
If I only can carry him over,  
Until those nurses arrive!

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
OCTOBER 6th, 1918.

## MIDNIGHT

It is midnight, my patient is sleeping. The fire in the little stove must be kept burning. *I dare not* sleep, though it is twenty two hours since last time.

I always thought being shot at sunrise for sleeping on guard, was a particularly unkind sentence.

I shall recount an experience of today in my journal. Perhaps writing will keep me awake.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
OCTOBER 6th and 7th, 1918.

### IN A TENT

The wind is howling and jerking  
    'Til the chains are near to breaking  
With the wobbly stove-pipe swaying,  
    As each rain-mad claw comes raking  
    Down the tent.

The fevered brow is cooling now  
    And I meditate in wonder  
That man has the power to weather  
    Such a storm as beats in thunder  
    On the tent.

One chain already has broken!  
    The slack released now lashes,—  
Oh, see! Another has parted!  
    The whole side fairly dashes  
    From the tent.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
OCTOBER 7th, 1918.

I spring to catch the back-lash  
    With my arms reached high to hold  
From off the patient lying there  
    The rain-soaked cloth, and death-cold  
    Of the tent.

Then down comes the icy deluge  
    Through the canvas, and it's sending  
Little trickling rivers o'er me,  
    Snakily as it's descending  
    Through the tent.

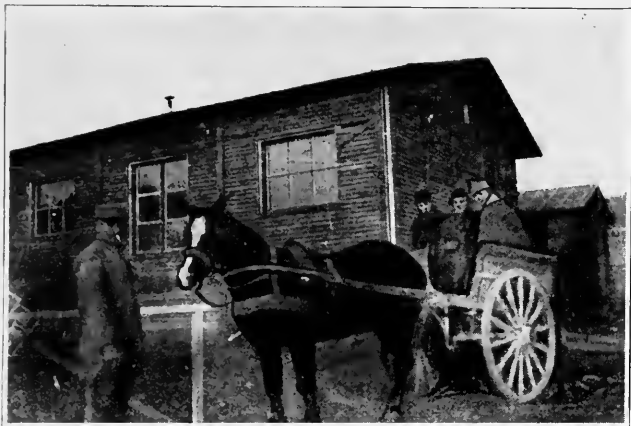
The tent crew now is finished  
    With rattling ladder and chain  
While the patient lay and watched them  
    And all the time fell the rain  
    Upon the tent.

But night had come with darkness  
    All the silent camp enfolding,  
Ere I dared relax my vigil  
    And to cease from stiffly holding  
    Up the tent.

BEAULIEU AND TRIACOURT, (from a letter home.)  
OCTOBER 20th, 1918.

Lieut. Rosch is going with me on search for the  
precious, elusive eggs. I pray for success!

## LE CHEVAL BLESSÉ ET DES OEUFs



Our little fat "cheval blessé"

From the Remount Camp we take,  
Hitched to the queer high two-wheeled cart  
With mounting step and squacky brake.

The flood-gates have been opened wide  
And the torrents now descend,  
But we cannot stop to build an ark,—  
Our egg supply is at an end.

BEAULIEU, AND TRIACOURT,  
OCTOBER 20th, 1918.

No hen can go un-challenged  
On the countryside so wet;  
It isn't a matter of what we want,  
It's what we *have to get*.

So on past the Camp of Raton,  
And up the Beaulieu hill.  
I never saw the rain come down  
In such a mighty spill.

It makes a curtain around us  
And our equipage today  
Cutting us off and soaking us through  
In a smother of "Corot grey."

Poor little horse, what a hill it is!  
Cheer up, see who's ahead!  
Remember the day you were wounded,  
And your running mate lay dead?

There's a mule team climbing before you  
With a great enormous gun;  
The barrage last night was louder  
And they're fixing for the Hun.

Fruitless search through the village  
From the mairie up and down,-  
A keg of honey and a can of milk,  
But not an egg in town.

OCTOBER 20TH.

So down to Triacourt we go  
To Madame Robinet  
But, alas, until December  
No more eggs from Savenay!

Then over to Maire Joyieux  
For the permit to "import"  
And releases for the woman  
From a "Summons to the Court."

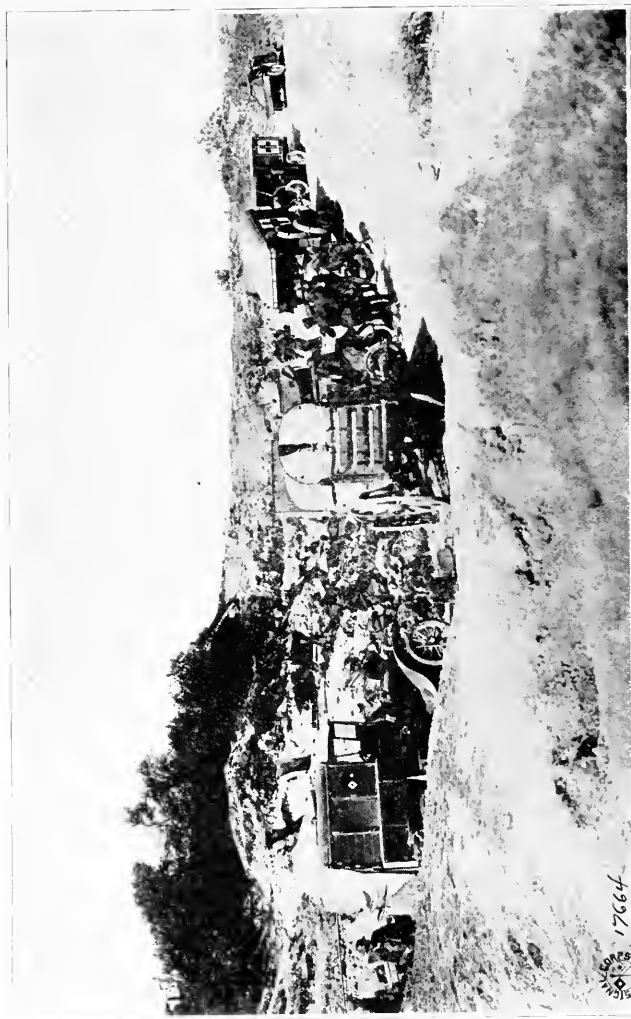
Before the Major's open fire  
A kindly conference,  
Turned us the yield of his pet coop,  
And the coveted documents.

Armed with these and a "God speed"  
We returned to Madam's place,  
And explained how she was safe now,  
By the gold seal of His Grace.

Whereupon a hidden basket  
Of eight dozen eggs came out,  
Which under the "Legal process,"  
She dared not tell about.

With the four from the mayor's pet hens  
"One hundred woofs" we go,  
Soaking wet through the dark night  
But warm with triumph's glow.

EN ROUTE TO EXERMONT,  
OCTOBER 30th, 1918.



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, OFFICIAL.

The town just a wreckage of shell, so you only could find out by asking where it was on these Borders of Hell.



BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
OCTOBER 30th, 1918.

I appreciate Col. Duval's permission to go into No-Man's-Land  
for eggs, when it is forbidden to any woman.

### NO-MAN'S-LAND

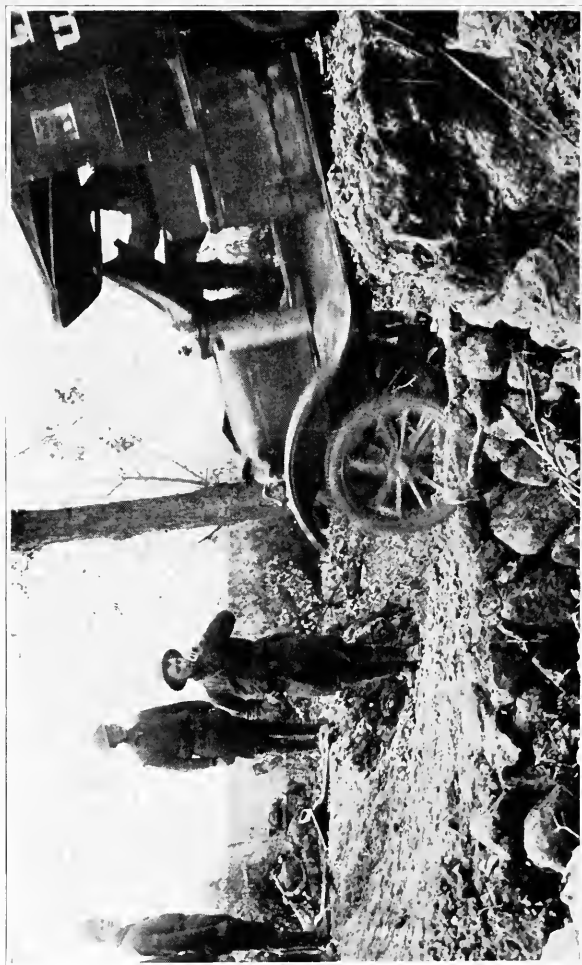
Major Bailey advised me this morning  
About number 13 at some length:  
There's a possible chance with three eggs a day,  
To eke out his fast ebbing strength.

Our supply won't last half through the week  
With the others who need them beside,  
But 13 declares eggs will come to his buddies  
"And certainly they will divide,

Provided, of course, that my outfit  
Isn't blown into bits before then;  
Or hasn't been ordered to move on;  
And you get to the dug-outs we're in.

I know that the eggs will be coming,  
Because I'm mess sergeant, you see;  
And the others can have them, can't they,  
If they get here too late for me?"

NO MAN'S LAND,  
OCTOBER 30th, 1918.



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS OFFICIAL.

The road was infernally cut up.

NO MAN'S LAND,  
OCTOBER 30th, 1918.

The needle that stuck in the haymow  
A cinch beside this would be,  
Yet I gave my word to Colonel Duval  
That those eggs would come home with  
me.

He would not have given the order to go  
If I hadn't done it that way;  
I could not stop to consider if I'd  
Keep my word today,

There was just one chance for the precious  
eggs,  
And that was in No-Man's-Land.  
So my wonderful pal, Margaret Brown, and I  
On this wild goose chase went hand in  
hand.

The road was infernally cut up, and the  
"Town" just a wreckage of shell,  
So you only could find out by asking  
Where it was in these borders of Hell.

Trench Mortar Company number 2,  
Bless their hearts, they divided their  
store!

Enough for the Sergeant and lots of others  
Who need them as much or more.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
OCTOBER 30th, 1918.

But the memory long will be with me  
Of that awful ride back without light  
When we sat on the seat with the driver  
And tried to see into the night.

On our left moved troops for replacement  
With camouflaged big guns,  
And smoking rolling kitchens,  
Caissons, and camions.

While we were only a tiny speck in the  
Midst of the long, long train,  
That was coming out for a breathing spell  
To rest, and go in again.

My hat is off to the Ambulance Corps,  
I never knew what it meant  
To carry those shattered comrades  
In the pitch black way they went!

"My God, driver, not so fast!"

"Have a heart, my arm is *gone!*"

"I'll say these jolts will kill me!"

Through barrage-lit nights, 'til dawn.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
NOVEMBER 10th, 1918.

### IN THE NIGHT

After the weary hours of toil I laid me down to rest, in a damp and freezing shelter where I slept for a few brief scattered moments of each night.

The lash of the frozen raindrops as they struck against the roof sent a sickening shudder of utter cold shivering up my spine.

I thought of the boys in the trenches enduring that bitter chill and the wounded lying waiting while their life-blood ebbed away.



Duck-board walks and splintered trees of  
Argonne trenches at Four de Paris.

BRIZEAUX-FORESTIÈRE,  
NOVEMBER 10th, 1918.

And all the time incessantly  
the tread of marching men passing  
by on the shell-wracked road beat  
on my heart and brain.

'Though the sinister boom of  
deadly barrage pulsed through the  
aching air, I slept the sleep of  
oblivion in heaven's mercy given.

At three o'clock in the morning,  
ebb-tide of human life, the piercing  
teeth of the biting cold roused me  
out of sleep, and shook me into con-  
sciousness in the grip of a cramping  
chill.

My boots already were frozen  
fast to the inundated floor and I  
could not see my buddy's bunk for  
the white frost in the air.

I rose in the throbbing darkness  
and my heart turned faint within, as I  
heard the rumbling ambulances bring-  
ing their burden of pain.

Perhaps they had lain for hours  
under fire, since the "shell marked  
for them" had come.

We must hasten to make them room. Not a bed was vacant now. And we knew the surgeons were operating with super-human speed.

Some of the boys we had watched since the day when they "got theirs" would have to be moving on now to make room for a newer need.

In the slimy, slippery darkness we went from tent to tent, and our hearts were near to breaking as we sought the tags that said which of our brave young heroes were to pass beyond our ken.

They smiled when they saw us come to speed them on their way with steaming cups of cocoa and the few things we could give to make the dreaded journey seem less long.

To tuck a blanket closer on the stretchers where they lay; and make sure the treasured comfort-bags were safe.

It was the last chance we would have to ease a twisted shoulder or to put a splint more straight, with a smile of reassurance as they carried them away.

Another day already was beginning.

BRIZEAU-FORESTIÈRE, ARGONNE-MEUSE,  
NOVEMBER 11th, 1918.

### FURNACES OF WAR

I have seen the souls of real men burned bare  
In the white-hot kilns of war,  
Stand forth revealed in the pitiless glare  
Where pretense was no more;  
When all for which they had learned to care  
In cycles that came before,  
Was cracked as a useless mold, out there,  
And cast on the testing floor.

And when the glaze that could not withstand  
The fire and the acid test  
Has been burned to dust in No-Man's-Land,  
Behold a power unguessed!  
For this heart of flint needs no command  
Urging to his best;  
He is as he came from the Maker's hand,  
The elemental blest.



# ECHOES OF FRANCE

Part Four

## THE AFTER-CLAP

November 11th, 1918,

to

March 10th, 1919.

After the last fierce crash has struck,  
And the force of the storm is spent;  
Often there comes an afterclap when  
"The veil of the temple is rent".

VERDUN, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
NOVEMBER 23rd, 1918.



Capt. Homer Youngs

Today I gathered a spray of roses from a broken wall of the most heroic ruin in this heroic land. I am taking it to Captain Youngs. The California home of which he dreams must be full of roses now.

BRIZEAU-FORESTIÈRE,  
NOVEMBER 24th, 1918.

## THE LAST ROSE OF VERDUN

(a sonnet)

In memory of Captain Homer Youngs.

Oh, white rose blooming on the broken wall  
In that brave city through whose guarding gate  
The charging hordes with bitter hymn of hate  
Have never passed; whose ramparts did not fall,  
Though broken, spent; because that clarion call  
"They shall not pass," rang as the voice of Fate:  
Sweet flower that dying sheds a fragrance late,  
A symbol seems of its fair spirit mate.

And so the simple white rose cross I weave  
And lay it gently in the hand of him  
Whose Soul fought bravely 'gainst the need to  
leave

That broken wall, where it had clung through dim  
Vast reaches of such pain, we must not grieve  
Because, at last, it passes Heaven's rim.



· "Ils ne passeront pas!"

FOUR DE PARIS,  
NOVEMBER 30th, 1918.

### PITIFUL HOPE OF THE FUTURE

From over the distant ocean  
The conquering legion came  
To drive the invading army forth  
In Freedom's holy name.

And it was not long ere the kiddies  
Sensed that a friend was near.  
Those comradeships in shell-wracked  
France  
Are ties to hold most dear.

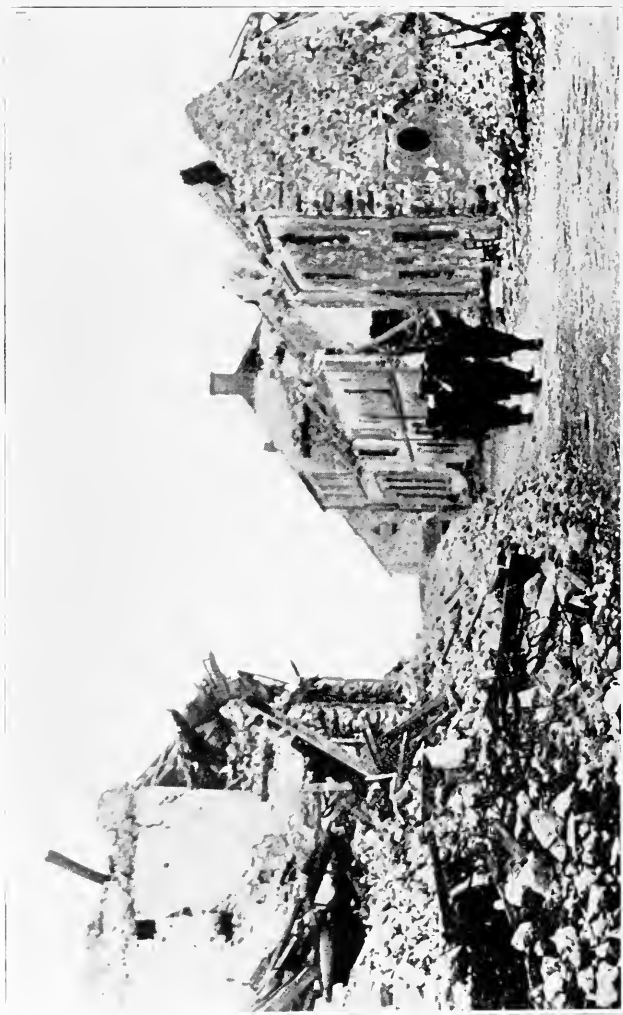
To think the price we have paid in pain  
For this tortured and desolate land!  
If we only could lend in their desperate  
need  
A strong and a saving hand.

For what will avail all the sacrifice  
And the anguish it has cost,  
If we let it go with a fight well won  
And the little children are lost?



Comrades in France.

EXERMONT, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
DECEMBER 1st, 1918.



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS OFFICIAL

Crumbling heaps of rubbish on the cluttered thoroughfare.

EXERMONT, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
DECEMBER 1st, 1918.

I have had a haunting longing to return to  
Exermont. Today I am going.

### THE HEART OF THE ARGONNE

The sun on this drear winter day went  
slipping gently down  
Behind the utter wreckage of a little  
Argonne town,  
Gilding those shattered fragments with  
such a radiant glow  
As sometimes casts a glamour on objects  
here below.

As I crossed la place where once had  
stood the holy font  
Of this quaint and peaceful village, known  
as Exermont,  
My footsteps sounded harshly on the  
cluttered thorofare,  
Crunching crumbling heaps of rubbish  
scattered everywhere.

Turning down a simple side street toward  
la mairie  
I came upon a vision that clutched at the  
heart of me;  
A vision that smothered my eyes in bitter  
burning tears,  
Adding another heart-ache to the sheaf of  
the coming years.

EXERMONT, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
DECEMBER 1st, 1918.

There leaning on his rifle, stood a boy  
    who had been young  
Four ghastly mortal years ago, when he  
    had been among  
The gallant gay "blue devils," who grasped  
    their gleaming swords,  
For loved ones and "la Patrie" to turn  
    the German hordes.

Through dragging months in prison camps,  
    toiling he has waited,  
Keeping the happy vision though bound by  
    those he hated;  
Longing for this humble cottage with its  
    climbing white rose vine,  
Whose branches still are clinging to yon  
    wall, wrecked by a mine.

So he stands here in his uniform with  
    ragged coat of blue;  
A swathing strip of cloth replacing one  
    spent and missing shoe,  
Dropped somewhere in the weary, weary  
    miles that he has come,  
Since the dank coal mines disgorged him  
    almost starved and wholly dumb.



EXERMONT, MEUSE-ARGONNE,  
DECEMBER 1st, 1918.

Gone are the wife and babe, in that  
hideous, hellish time  
That seared the heart of nature with a  
holocaust of crime;  
And as he pours his aching soul through  
yearning, searching eyes,  
He sees what the war has done to him,  
and his hope flames up and dies.  
The hunger of that haunted gaze, that  
sees me not at all,  
As he looks on that ruined home, now  
but a shattered wall,  
And the lurid wild imaginings of things  
that are but guessed;  
Make those that are only dead stand  
forth as the happy blest.  
Slowly groping he reaches for that last  
white withered rose,  
The sole remaining keepsake of an epoch  
that must close.  
And so he takes unseeingly the hand that  
offers him  
The friendship of another land so far  
remote and dim.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL #11,  
NOVEMBER 20th, 1918.

### PUDDINGS 'N' EVERY THING

Today we made puddings for all of our pets,  
As the press of the work is abating,  
And those who remain are not rushed  
away;  
We can pamper them more while they're  
waiting.

Tapioca and fruit and the juices of lemons,  
Custards and egg-nogs and good soups  
galore,  
With apples for those who have always  
adored them,  
Fresh grapes or an orange, and many  
things more.

When at last the white "ribbons" are tied  
on their cots,  
Bring pajamas, and sox (oftentimes a half  
pair)  
With sweaters for all who can possibly wear  
them  
On that ambulance ride in the cold winter  
air.

STATION PLATFORM, BAR LE DUC,  
3 A. M., DECEMBER 8th, 1918.

The train to Paris was due at 11:10 last  
night, it is 3 o'clock in the morning, I'm  
shivering with the cold and weariness of  
waiting.

PARIS,

DECEMBER 24th, 1918.

I am so happy because Major Boyer has given  
me the canteen at the station I love so well!

### QUAI D'ORSAY

They tell me that the war is over  
So this winter I shall be  
Here in Paris where there's water,  
Light and heat and things to see.

My new canteen is nearly ready,  
Requisitions are all made;  
Our personnel assigned to duty;  
With good French cooks well paid.

Laura Wurtz is just a wonder  
Engineering everything;  
The magic touch of Charlot Gaylord  
Walls and screens transfiguring.

Our jolly group of willing workers  
With enthusiasm high,  
Will make this spot a cheerful respite  
For "homing troops" that hasten by.

AMERICAN HOSPITAL, NEUILLY,

DECEMBER 26th, 1918.

### THE AFTERCLAP

My journey from the Argonne with prisoners  
of war  
Whose lives may yet be forfeit ere they reach  
the Blighty shore,  
Has dealt me such a knockout blow as  
nothing had before.

CAP D'ANTIBES, ALPES-MARITIME,  
FEBRUARY 9th, 1919.

These observations were of a shock case in  
whom the lyterian Riviera wrought miracles.

### LYTERIAN RIVIERA

'Twas in the lovely south of France,  
The sunny Riviera,  
Where we wandered in the winter  
When the ghastly war was over.

Monte Carlo, Nice, and Mentone,  
On the peacock Southern Ocean,  
Fair Dream Cities carved in ivory  
With their roofs of pinkest coral.

Oh, the gorgeous peace and plenty,  
And the sunshine and the soft air,  
Bringing calm sweet restoration  
And the long forgotten laughter.

All the torn and mangled nerve-life  
Lulled and eased back into being  
By the magic winter spring-time  
And the breezes gentle breathing.

As a strong tree wrenched and twisted  
Straightens when the storm is spent,  
So your scarred and tortured spirit  
Once again lifts high its head.

All the hideous, hellish torments  
That your quivering soul has known  
Smoothed and conjured to mere memories  
Can not claim you for their own.

Haunted eyes that flinched and shuddered  
All serene and sure again,  
Gaze with straight and steady purpose  
Out across the glistening Sea.

For the gentle waves are plashing  
In their never-ending beat  
Stirring Westward, Homeward yearnings  
With a healing that breathes peace.



The Beach at Nice



ECHOES OF FRANCE

Part Five

THE RAINBOW

March 10th, 1919,

to

July 7th, 1919.

The arch of promise reaches,  
Spanning the dome of blue,  
In colorful foretellings of  
Dreams that will come true.

FRANCE,  
SPRING, 1919.

L'ARC EN CIEL  
DES FLEURES DE LA FRANCE

Wisteria clings to yon trellised wall  
In mists of a fading grief,  
For the heaviest mourning will lighten  
When Time brings its sure relief.

Indigo deep in the foxglove cup  
Was distilled with essence of dew  
From hearts' blood of truant lovers  
Whom the arrows of Eros slew.

Le bluet sprinkles the fields of gold  
With myriad service stars,  
For the lads who came from across the Sea  
To the rendezvous of Mars.

Green is the laurel and green is the palm  
That token the task well done,  
And green is the ivy that covers the mounds  
Where the Argonne fight was won.



Yellow, glistening yellow so bright,  
A smart little buttercup  
Catches and holds the sun to shine  
When the clouds come rolling up.

Oranges peep from the verdure deep  
Of the ever blossoming tree  
That glows on the Riviera  
By the shores of the Summer Sea.

Poppies are yielding their nodding tops  
To the heartening breezes that blow  
And pulses are speeding with quickening  
beat  
Where the bounding life streams flow.

\* \* \* \* \*

The subtle charm of those flowers  
Gently enspiriting life,  
Drifted us into delight filled hours  
Beyond the echoes of strife.

HOSPITAL SECTION, FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT,  
ARMY EDUCATIONAL CORPS,  
SAVENAY, LOIRE-INFÉRIEURE,  
MARCH 20th, 1919.

Capt. Aymar Embury II, U. S. Engineers, has borrowed me  
to teach Architecture for A. E. F. University Extension.

### A. E. C. AT SAVENAY

Colonel Cooper made us welcome  
When we first arrived in town;  
Major Fredrickson, the Adjutant,  
And the others right on down.

The wise un-tiring kindly help  
Of Major Larigo,  
Has smoothed our path in lots more  
ways  
Than he will ever know.

Sergeant Sharp has high efficiency  
In doing everything,  
From deckle-edging booklet leaves  
To tying up a string.

Our orderlies are fine lads, too,  
Who work right cheerfully  
For dainty little Corin Craine,  
For Lucia D., and me.

The carpenters make everything  
To which our hearts aspire  
Easels, screens, tall stools, and tables,  
Or drawing boards, as we desire.

For supplies we "requisition"  
When there's anything we need;  
So altogether we will say  
"This studio has some speed!"

SAVENAY,  
APRIL 15th, 1919.



SAM BROWNES

The Army has taken us over, oh joy!  
After borrowing us for a spell;  
We are telling the world that a Sam Browne  
belt,  
Now is *our* "regulation" as well.

SAVENAY, LOIRE-INFÉRIEURE,  
JUNE 3rd, 1919.

### THE WAKE

When the word from G. H. Q. came  
That A. E. C. must close,  
A wail of lamentation  
In the studio arose.

Henkle with a future,  
His pictures row on row,  
Looked his consternation  
In a gloom of honest woe.

Sentoro painting portraits  
On a scrap of shelter-tent,  
Refused to grasp entirely  
What the omen message meant.

Earnest from the Mountains,  
"Jest a restin' 'til yu come;"  
Jeffries of the pen-craft,  
And poultry Sergeant Crum.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 3rd, 1919.

Lloyd Gates our husky bugler  
Painting fairer than he guessed;  
Reynolds splashing colors rash,  
Better than the best.

Battershell with day-dreams  
Of a bungalow to build;  
Sergeant House with whims and  
fancies,  
His sketchbook brimming filled.

"Peter Pan" McDougale  
Gallopig from craft to craft,—  
To the soulfullest remonstrances  
Peter only laughed.

McBride's become an expert  
In cutting stencils out;  
But Weston went on convoy;  
And young Catzy roves about.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 3rd, 1919.

Jahn Jr.'s "ram's horn capitals"  
Are drawn on curves most rare;  
And Kaiser, a fine architect,  
Is assigned to St. Nazaire.

I never saw a better worker  
Than Vernon E. Duchesne,  
I hope I'll chance to see him  
In the U. S. A. again.

Hassinger and Jenson  
Doing work that is a joy;  
And Strandimo the faithful,  
An earnest minded boy.

The Sergeant shows a vision  
To his pictured "Marseillaise"  
'Til she fairly holds you spellbound  
With the raptness of her gaze.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 3rd, 1919.

Jacobeli has the color gift  
From sunny Italy,  
With all his naive innocence  
And simple modesty.

Temperamental Alteriso,  
"When I get you, I will leave you!"  
Sergeant Harper, camouflager,  
Got his Beaune assignment through.

We have a young Marine, too,  
Who says with eyes that dance,  
"These days here in the studio  
Were my happiest in France!"

Sergeant Schonover's a wonder  
With pastel of rare effect!  
And the Captain an anatomist  
Whose figures are correct.

SAVENAY, JUNE 3rd, 1919.



An end of one of the rooms in the Studio at Savenay.



SAVENAY,  
JUNE 3rd, 1919.

Major Baehr painting frog-ponds  
And precious pearls in grey,  
Declares it was a god-send,  
So to pass the time away.

Colonel Napier was most friendly  
From his desk beyond the screen;  
And Lieutenant Huber smiled away  
A cloud that might have been.

It is lucky every body  
Has cheered us now and then  
Because our classes numbered  
Mighty near a hundred men.

Officers and non-coms,  
Nurses and the buck,  
Think our untimely taking-off  
A beastly stroke of luck.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 4th, 1919.

### INSPECTION

The studio is lovely with the salvaged ecru linen stretched from window-top to floor in every wall space 'round the huge rooms.

Nothing else could set off better oil, pastel or crayon studies, and portraits by the budding artists under Leffingwell's direction; or the plans and elevations, letter plates and clever renderings of my own ambitious boys.

We are ready for inspection and are more than glad it's good, as our cheerful young Lieutenant makes an all-night trip from Paris just to give us "the once over."

FROM BEAUNE, CÔTE-D'OR,  
June 11th, 1919.

## 20 DAYS' LEAVE

There is so much of beauty in France in this time "après la guerre" that I am impelled to set down a few impressions as they come to me.

All these lovely incomparable charms give me the feeling of having witnessed the final act of a sweetly mitigated tragedy.

Or as though a light has broken through the war clouds of November, and has touched with a ray of hope the veil of falling tears that refracts it to prismatic glory.

Through this we look on a World transfigured, and Nature takes on new meaning.

SAVENAY, LOIRE-INFÉRIEURE,  
JUNE 12th, 1919.

FOXGLOVE'S MIRROR

Oh, of all the lovely seasons  
The dear Lord has given us  
The fairest sweetest treasure was  
That Spring in far off France  
Happy-sad.

Often when the gorgeous sunset  
Turns the heavens into flame,  
My truant fancy wanders to  
A gentle magic May-time  
That is spent.

On the hillside by the clear pool  
Where the cool brown shadows dwelt  
We would linger through the gloaming  
And watch the slipping twilight  
Softly come.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 12th, 1919.

While the foxglove bent above us  
    On its tall and slender stems  
With a gleaming iridescence  
    In its wondrous heart of flame,  
    Purple-red.

For that magic color wakens  
    As the slanting sun rays fall  
Piercing through with living light  
    The hidden glory in their  
    Glowing grail.

A sweet intoxication breathes  
    From flaming flowers of France  
When the clear pool mirrors Heaven,  
    And brings it down to mortals  
    Here below.

EVERYWHERE IN FRANCE,  
SPRING 1919.

## APOLOGIA FOR THE BLIMPS

Once on a time in a far off land, the captive balloons were tethered. Thousands and thousands of them were pulling and tugging at the restraining G. O. wires. But they couldn't get away, poor things.

Each had to stay put, until an ordre de mission peremptorily changed the position, and dug him in, or made him fast to some other post.

This was the more tragic because all these captives had been accustomed to the freedom of air, earth, sea and speech, during all their breezy, flighty, unrestricted young lives. The jerking and pulling that those wires suffered only made them firmer, however.

Sometimes whole new sections were added, for fear someone would get loose and float about at will. It was easy to see that every wire was charged with deadly portent, and insulated with hundreds of metres of red tape,—impermeable and harsh.

Any attempt to break away hurt, and success was almost surely fatal.

EVERYWHERE IN FRANCE,  
SPRING 1919.

So it had been for months and months, when one day in Spring of 1919, G. O. #371 came clipping and snipping the tethers.

You could hear the crispy sound of elation as each was released. Did you know that delicious sense of in finite buoyancy? You did if you *were* one.

Away they went, in every direction, bounding into the ether reaches where larks held forth in the morning and poured out their homing call at twilight; and nightingales transformed moonlit hours into a delicious dream compelling delight.

Then a little breeze would toss them to dizzy heights from which they could view the oriental carpet of flower emblazoned fields. Jean Plantagenet, of the sun's own gold, coquelicot, marguerite, bluet, interspersed with wine red treffle and glorified by la digital and a myriad others.

EVERYWHERE IN FRANCE,  
SPRING 1919.

Then the towers of an irresistible chateau  
would drift into view, and down they would come  
with a merry bump.

There was never such a joyous sense of freedom  
in all their lives before, because they had never  
before been all wound around with woolen yarn  
and red tape, for such endless ages.

IN THE VALLEY OF LA LOIRE,  
JUNE 14th, 1919.

### BLIMPS

The captive balloons cut loose one day  
In the land of France and the month of May;  
They've been tethered tight for an age, I'll say,  
Oh Boy, oh joy, when they get away!

Oo la la, and away they go  
With a slip and a skip  
Yo ho, yea Bo!



IN THE VALLEY OF LA LOIRE,  
JUNE 14th, 1919.

When you think the life those balloons have led  
    Made fast to their posts with tapes of red,  
You won't advise them to keep their head,  
    But leave them free as a lark instead.

    Oo la la, and away they go  
        With a slip and a skip,  
        Yo ho, yea Bo!

Each dizzy young breeze that bats the air  
    Sends the fleet of balloons for a spin up there;  
Furlough or leave, they have earned it for fair,  
    And they're headed for home, so why should  
        you care?

    Oo la la, and away they go  
        With a slip and a skip  
        Yo ho, yea Bo!

Acknowledgment is hereby given Col. C. for the  
    metaphor, "a captive balloon with the rope cut".)

BLOIS,  
JUNE 14th, 1919.

### ODE TO LA LOIRE

In June a morning all too fair unfurled  
O'er that dear France of our sweet yesterday.  
Oh, 'twas the pinnacle of this new world;  
And our two hearts stood breathless in the sway  
Of breezes sounding the Souls' reveille.  
Beyond our own volition to go forth  
Together thus, or to remain apart;  
The joy of life soared for us happily  
Above all thought; a more compelling force  
Than ever moved our un-united heart.

And when we had fared forth in that sublime  
Sweet morning, born as on celestial wings,  
We reached a gentle river's brink, where Time  
Rests silent, while the water softly sings  
And murmurs memories of dear dead Loves  
Of old who wandered in the Bishop's Garden  
Holding fast their fleeting moments even as  
We now linger in those fragrant groves  
Hearing the chiming bells of far Ardenne  
'Mid that glamour an ancient romance has.

BLOIS,  
JUNE 14th, 1919.



In all the world beside there is no river  
That holds such magic hidden in its  
Placid depths. See la Loire glide hither,  
Sweet, incomparable, as o'er it flits  
The pensive shadow of the passing hours;  
Its mission high on this tempestuous earth  
Is to reflect the moon on happy nights  
Like this of ours, when slumbrous nodding  
flowers  
Exhale nocturnal fragrances whose worth  
Can only reckoned be in measures of delight.

BLOIS,  
JUNE 14th, 1919.

LA LOIRE

E'en now sometimes in long dim watches lone  
    I waken with soft murmurs of la Loire  
Calling; my arms outstretched to where once shone  
    In ether vast and pure, my lorn love star,  
While ripples caught the moonbeams from the blue  
    And tossed them through the casement  
        windows wide,  
Like precious jewels for a crown, meseems.  
    So I breathe my soul on the wings, to you,  
Of a sigh across Time and Space and Tide;  
    And sink again to sweetly haunting dreams.

For already our Land of Hearts' Desire  
    Is the Long-Ago and the Far-Away.

SAVENAY,  
JUNE 20th, 1919.

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD  
( a sonnet )

In Bretagne in the lovely month of May  
The shadows grew in slim straight lines  
                    along  
The grass; homing birds poured forth their  
                    song;  
And the evening call of a sky lark sped  
                    departing day  
Beyond the misty hills of Savenay.

Our hearts were all attuned to catch the  
                    strong  
Clear notes in ether reaches where belong  
Those fancies which Life often drives away.  
We stood upon the apex of the World,  
Where three majestic pine trees pointed  
                    high  
Toward Heaven, while a tiny spiral whirled,  
Descending from the now fast dimming sky,—  
That moment our two Souls in one were  
                    furled  
In that long kiss whose memory can not die.

QUIMPER,  
JUNE 28th, 1919.

## PEACE

Through quaint Quimper the river flows,  
And the tall church spires look down  
On women and men of the Province clad  
In velvet jacketed suit or gown.  
Peace was signed at Versailles today,  
So the people donned their best, then  
With stiff starched feminine coifs and ruffs  
And wide flat hats for the men.  
From far Guerande and Finisterre,  
Kerhuon and Plougastel,  
Le Croisic, Karnac, and la Boule,  
They have gathered for the festival.  
In the public square soft music sighs  
As the quiet populace moves about;  
While illuminations of red and green  
Light up when the torch weaves in and out.  
There is naught of boist'rous hilarity  
In the voice of this release,  
It is just a calm acceptance,  
While the river murmurs "Peace."

# ECHOES OF FRANCE

Part Six

## AFTERGLOW

July 7th, 1919,

to

October 12th, 1920.

Evening time  
And the day is done,  
The Storm is past  
And calm is won;  
In the fading light  
Again appear  
Remembered glows  
Of Yesteryear.

CAMP KERHUON, BREST,  
JULY 7th, 1919.

## HOMeward

The great ships ride at anchor out in the harbor there, while the coaling tugs ply back and forth in the course of their busy life.

They are Army transports, those great huge hulks, that once were for pleasure and pomp. Their beautiful promenade decks now are thronged with tier upon tier of bunks.



Soldiers' Bunks on the "Imperator."



BOARDING THE IMPERATOR, BREST,  
JULY, 7TH, 1919.

And down 'round the curve of  
yonder hill come pouring the khaki-  
clad troops; an endless line it ap-  
pears to be, unwinding from camp to  
pier.

With radiant smiles and with  
buoyant step, onward and on they  
come. But many who came, we must  
leave behind; and others on litters  
are borne; while once and again  
comes a lad who smiles though he's  
going back maimed for life.

They're so sure of the welcome  
that 'waits them there when they get  
to the U. S. A.! How I wish I could  
spare them the 'wakening pain I  
am bitterly sure will be theirs.

NEW YORK,  
JULY 15th, 1919.

BACK IN GOD'S COUNTRY

And now we are back in God's Country,  
But, Lord! it isn't the same;  
For something has gone and something  
has come  
In playing war's intricate game;  
And values have altered entirely  
So that what was worth while we'd say  
In the care free years of our far off youth  
Has ceased to exist in some strange way  
That is hopelessly hard to explain.

In fancy still I'm list'ning as the  
Doughboys shout with glee,  
If the "Old Girl in the Harbor" wants  
To get a look at me  
She can take the chance when I come from  
France,  
For it's *Never Again!* Compre?e?

NEW YORK HARBOR,  
JULY 13th, 1919.



"The Old Girl in the Harbor."

NEW YORK,  
JULY 15th, 1919.

Oh, the dreams that I've had and the plans  
that I've made  
Of a bungalow up on the hill,—  
With the gold at the end of the rainbow  
These wonderful dreams to fulfill!  
For, buddy, you see I've a corking fine job  
That they said no one else would get;  
And my girl? Oh boy! here's her picture.  
(They sent her the news, but I haven't  
heard yet.)

There were strikes that stopped the mail-boats  
Coming out to sea,  
So I'm keener yet to give "the Old Girl"  
That last look at me.  
She can take the chance when I come from France,  
For it's *Never Again!* Compree?

NEW YORK,  
JULY 15th, 1919.

(Of course I'll be no good for dancing now  
Which makes my thoughts run rather sober  
Because of a "masher" that landed by me  
On the banks of the Meuse last October.)  
I'll say I had some little pardner  
As we swung through the tango together.  
And she said she'd stand by me, no matter  
If sunny or stormy the weather.

So I'm sure I'll get a letter  
As cheerful as can be,  
When the "Old Girl in the Harbor" gets  
That last look at me.  
She can take the chance when I come from France  
For it's *Never Again!* Compree?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA,  
OCTOBER 15th, 1919.

VANISHING GOLD AT THE RAINBOW'S END

My job has been taken by someone  
Who felt that the "war was all wrong."  
And the Girl,—well, how can you blame her?  
If you loved to dance, would *you* want  
to belong  
To a man who'd left one leg in France?

\* \* \* \* \*

There's a land where a "blessé" 's no  
discard,  
On the other side of the Sea!  
So "the old Girl in the Harbor" gets  
One more look at me.  
She can take the chance when I *go* to  
France,  
For it's *Back Again!* Compree?

ROBBINSDALE, MINNESOTA  
NOVEMBER 11TH, 1919.

## MEMORIES OF MARTIAL MUSIC



### I. CHOPIN FUNERAL MARCH

How well I remember that little plot  
On the other side of the sea,  
Where are sleeping the valiant bird-men  
In a place so dear to me!  
Never so long as life remains  
Will I hear the Chopin hymn,  
But the memory of that hillside  
Will turn my vision dim.  
The hum of the Nieuports overhead  
And the care-free song of a bird,  
Mingle and blend with the solemn march  
Til the final strain is heard.  
There is sounding through my memory  
A call so low and sweet  
That life takes pause for a moment  
As the long slow notes repeat

ROBBINSDALE, MINNESOTA  
NOVEMBER, 11, 1919

Then a report through the still air,  
The volley in last salute rings;—  
And ever and ever I hear the whirr-rr  
Of the soaring eagle's wings.



The Last Salute, Issoudun, May 31st, 1918



UNIVERSITY ARMORY, MINNEAPOLIS,  
FEBRUARY 22nd, 1920.

Presentation of certificates from the French Government, to the nearest of kin of the boys who lost their lives in the World War.



II

TAPS

Today as taps were sounding  
    Their call to the last long sleep  
The slow notes held my heart poised  
    In memories sad and sweet.

'Til the bare brick walls of the armory  
    With flags at half-mast hung,  
And the faces dim of the nearest of kin  
    Where exalted grief still clung

Vanish into a vision fading.  
    O'er the far away fields of Yesterday,  
Gleaming white in a hallowed light,  
    'Rise the crosses of Savenay.

American women in uniform,  
    With little French children hand in hand,  
Come bringing the fair sweet flowers so rare  
    For our soldiers' graves in that distant  
    land.

And the solemn word of the Savenaise  
    Rings through the waiting air,—  
"Guarding your heroes' resting place  
    Shall be our prideful care."

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA,  
WINTER, 1920.



III. RETREAT

On the banks of the Minnesota  
As the sun slipped down the west  
A bugle call that was crisp and clear  
Brought my hurrying steps to rest.

As I stand attention and listen,  
The trees on the Argonne hills  
In the tender glow of Yesteryear  
Touch my heart with remembered thrills;

For the sky will not quiver and throb tonight  
In gory flashes of red;—  
At eleven this morn the armistice struck  
As the final shot was sped.

The last clear notes of the evening call  
Die away across the snow,  
And a homesick heart-ache reminds me  
That was all in the long ago.

TEACHING AT FORT SNELLING,  
SPRING, 1920.



IV REVEILLE

Oh, I'm back in the army in civies,  
And we have the same reveille call,  
Only now I just listen enraptured  
While the silver-toned bugle notes fall.

Then I turn on my pillow serenely  
And drift back across the wide seas  
In a roseate glow at the knowledge  
I don't *have* to get up 'til I please!

Then all the thrill of "uniform" days  
My dreams usher back on the scene.  
I am standing in line with my mess-kit  
In quest of BB or a bean.

And, buddy, I'm telling you something,  
The part of the day that is *real*,  
Is the vision conjured each morning  
By the sound of that bugler's spiel.

I'd give the soft feel of the feathers  
For the rest of my life, so I would,  
To know once again such a moment  
As I knew there in France, if I could.

FORT SNELLING,  
A YEAR LATER.

## ETCHINGS

And so with Whistler's soul you fain would etch  
Deep cut the shadows of yon burnt out square.  
Soft rain but now has quenched red embers there  
In those charred ruins where last night some wretch  
Allowed the precious bags of mail to burn.  
A weird enchantment seems to call us back,  
Hither each entre-dance our footsteps turn  
To contemplate the warm and new made scars.

On down the pike the glist'ning streaks show black  
Where rutted pools lie smooth. And myriad stars  
All drowsily open their long-lashed eyes  
Upon the soft gray pillow of the skies;  
While o'er the hills anent of St. Nazaire  
The yellow lighted lanterns wink and bob.  
Across this picture drift the wisps so rare  
Of melting mellow mists. Sweet laden they  
With breath of flowers that dream of yesterday.

FORT SNELLING,  
A YEAR LATER.

From Foxglove's Mirror cadences now throb  
The which were sung of Aristophanes,  
Who so immortalized this raucous mob,  
Our Occidental ear new keyed will please.  
Such score De Bussy might perchance have writ,  
For he could drug all sense of tone with it.

Then gently the slim-fingered notes reach out  
And draw us back into the dance again;  
Lights grow dim, haunting memories whisper doubt  
That merges our sweet rapture into pain,  
And still the music murmurs



""Til we meet again""

(Oh, that time's flight might backward turn tonight!)

EN ROUTE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
TO WASHINGTON, D. C.  
APRIL 20th, 1920.

### ECHO AND RE-ECHO

Every bird-note, drifting shadows,  
Every little breeze that quivers,  
And the sodden marshland meadows  
By the overflowing rivers;  
Start the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

Each pliant willow wand that 'bides  
Above the river brink a-leaning  
And tiny grass points on the hillsides  
O'er the distant landscape greening  
Start the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

Each fleecy cloud that wanders there  
In the far off heavens drifting by,  
All the scintillating star-beams fair  
In the wondrous azure night-time sky  
Start the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

APRIL 20th, 1920.

All the downpour of the Spring day  
With incessant dreary dripping,  
All the mud upon the highway  
With the endless weary slipping  
Start the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

Every blessé's reticence  
And strange unyouthful gaze  
Telling volumes by his silence  
In the listless passing days  
Starts the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

Every Winter, every Summer,  
Every Spring and every Autumn,  
Will hear the selfsame murmur,  
And through all the years to come  
Keep the chords of memory ringing  
Sad sweet echoes backward winging.

EN ROUTE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
TO WASHINGTON, D. C.  
APRIL 20th, 1920.

### FAGOT WILLOWS

Fagot willows by the river  
    Slipping down through Illinois,  
Conjure memories of a far land,-  
    Of the Marne land's vanished joy.  
Gentle Spring must now be veiling  
    All those scarred and shattered hills  
Whose images are ever calling  
    With sweet, insistent thrills.  
There's a strange keen exaltation  
    Comes with service that forgets  
Every selfish thought and motive  
    To repay a nation's debts.  
One of war's great compensations  
    In the mighty fight they fought  
Was the wond'rous revelation  
    Of high purpose that it wrought.  
Yet a haunting vision rises  
    From the willow-guarded stream,  
And I wonder if the war *is* over  
    Or if this is just a dream.



MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA,  
SUMMER, 1920.

### AFTERMATH

Struggling now in a queer dazed way  
    With the law "To him that hath,—"  
I am meeting them from day to day  
    On each old familiar path.  
I recognize (and thank God I may!)  
    Recollections of fires of wrath  
Flame up and out in the constant play  
    Of war's crucial aftermath.  
Oh, passers-by, can ye see and hear  
    The changes that have been wrought  
In the age-long span of a single year  
    While the mighty fight was fought?  
For the youth of them which they held  
    most dear, .  
At a fearful price was bought,  
And shades of the past are hovering near  
    With sombre memories fraught.

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA,  
OCTOBER 12th, 1920.



VI. SUNSET GUN

'Tis the sunset gun, for the day is done,  
As fluttering folds of the flag descend  
The drill and fatigue and the toil all end.

The sky is red with that color dread  
Which now in these times of peace we know  
As the radiant calm of the afterglow.

Its glory tonight is surpassing bright.  
So the bugle marshals the swift hours by  
From Reveille call to the darkening sky.

Guard mount, retreat, tattoo or meat,  
'Til at last the slow sweet note of taps  
Will call, when darkness the earth enwraps.

EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA,  
AFTER-THE-WAR.

### CARRY ON

The American Women's Overseas League  
Sends a greeting to you today  
\*From the S. O. S. and the L. O. C.  
And the terrible Z. O. A.

By the fight well won, and the bit well done,  
And the Buddies who Went Away,  
We're telling the World we will Carry On,  
In the dear old U. S. A.

\*Service of Supply,  
Line of Communication,  
Zone of Advance.

The End of the Beginning  
Amy Robbins Ware  
Robbinsdale,  
Minnesota,  
U. S. A.

W 19



